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MRS. WHITMAN'S LETTERS

[An additional number of the letters written by Mrs. Narcissa Whitman to her relatives in New York, have recently been secured, together with some very important ones from Dr. Whitman himself, incidentally alluding to matters which of late years have been the subject of much controversy. The originals of the letters in this pamphlet, as well as those in the Transactions of this Association for 1891, are in my possession as a permanent contribution to the archives of our Association. At my earnest solicitation they were donated to us by Mrs. Harriet P. Jackson, a sister of Mrs. Whitman, who lived at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1893, to whom we owe a vote of thanks. The letter of Rev. H. H. Spalding to Mrs. Whitman's father, giving probably the first account of the massacre, also appears in this pamphlet.—GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.]

VANCOUVER, July 11th, 1843.

My Beloved Sister Jane:—Your letters of March and April, '42, I received about three weeks since, and can assure you I was not a little rejoiced in hearing from you, they being the first I have received from you since March, '40, by Mrs. Littlejohn. I have written you and Edward several times since—indeed, I always write you every opportunity, whether you get them or not. I heard of the death of dear sister Judson last September through Lawyer Divin, but no particulars until your letters came. About the same time one came from poor brother Judson, the only one I have received from him or Mary Ann since '39. My last from dear parents and Harriet was in September, '40; so you see I have not the means of knowing but little about you all, yet I trust that I am truly thankful for that little. It is a great cordial to me. I

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love you all with an undying love, and every fresh breeze I receive fans it into a burning flame. I feel not the least disposition to shed a tear on dear sister Judson's account, but rather to rejoice that she is so safely harbored in the bosom of her and our Saviour's love; but for the sake of those who still live and whom she might be the means of leading to Christ, I could mourn and weep in bitterness of soul. I rejoice, too, that the sustaining grace of God was so manifest to her beloved bereaved husband, and our dear parents, as well as you all, under the afflictive dispensation. My first thought when I heard of her death was that I should be the next to go; but it may be otherwise, the Lord only knows. This I do know, His time will be the best time, and my chief concern is, and shall be, to be ready and have my work done and well done. But O, what a poor weak creature I am; how little I can do to glorify His great Name. What poor returns I make daily for His unbounded goodness to me. If I am saved I am sure it will not, it cannot, be because of any intrinsic worth in me, or any of my friends, but solely and alone for His sake who gave His own life a ransom to save a lost world.

Dear Jane, I have the privilege of once more addressing you from Vancouver where I am spending a little time very pleasantly, and where I am favored with the medical advice and treatment of two very able physicians, Doctors Barclay and Tolmie. It will soon be seven years since I first saw this place. I should not be here now if my husband had not gone home and left me, or, I should have said, if my health had been sufficient for me to have continued at my post of labor among the Indians. Doctor White, the government Indian agent of this country, advised me to avail myself of this opportunity to rid myself from care and labor, come here and attend to the advice of Doctor Barclay for the perfect restoration of my health, and I have no reason to regret it so far. I feel that my health is improving, I hope, permanently.

You speak of Mr. and Mrs. Abernethy. I have seen your letter to them and have only seen him a short time since I have been here. I hope to see them both in a few days, for I am waiting a

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convenient opportunity to go to the Willamette, where I expect to visit the different members of the Mission and spend a pleasant season among them. The two Missions are three hundred miles apart and it is not easy to visit back and forth, especially where all hands are full of business each in his own field of labor.

You almost make me feel, from your letters, that you will accept of my invitation and come over and live with me and help me teach the poor Indians. Indeed! are you not now almost here with my beloved husband? The time draws near when I hope to see his dear face again, and O! am I to greet a beloved sister with him, and, perhaps, a dear brother, too? I know not what inexpressible joys or sorrows are before this frail, trembling heart of mine; I feel that I could not survive an excess of either, my nervous system is so much impaired. But I know assuredly that the same grace that has sustained me hitherto under fiery trials, is able and will sustain in time to come. I am in His hand. The nine months past that I have been separated from my precious husband, have been months of His special favors to me in this dreary land of heathenish darkness. The sacrifice, if I may call it so, has been a very great one—much more so than I at first thought it could be, even to exceed that of leaving my native land and beloved friends, and coming to dwell among the heathen. But the precious promises have been fulfilled in my case leaving all for Christ's sake, as I trust I did in coming to this country, and freely consenting to be left so feeble and lonely in such a lonely situation, by my earthly protector, my husband. I feel that I have indeed received manifold more in this present time with an assured hope of receiving in the world to come life everlasting.

I am pleased to hear so good an account of dear E.'s progress in study and piety, and sincerely hope he will be a useful and devoted Christian minister. I wish he would write me more, for his own sake as well as mine.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Cuba, Alleghany County,
New York, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
April 12th, 1844.

My Beloved Father:—I was coming up the Columbia river from the Willamette and Vancouver with Rev. Jason Lee when your welcomed letter reached me. My husband had each of the stations of the Mission to visit before he could come after me. Mr. Lee brought me on my way home as far as The Dalles, to Mr Perkins, one of their stations, where I spent the winter of my husband's absence. I remained there a few days, and my long absent doctor came for me. It was a joyful and happy meeting and caused our hearts to overflow with love and gratitude to the Author of all our mercies, for permitting us to see each other's faces again in the flesh. We came home immediately after a short visit with friends there. My health, which had been quite poor some of the time of his absence, was somewhat improved, but the voyage up the river, or rather the exposure of rain, cold and fatigue, and also the journey from Walla Walla here, proved injurious to me. I was so unwell when I reached home that I could scarcely get about the house for several weeks. I continued to decline, or, rather, had two attacks of remittent fever until the last of December, when I was taken with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels and bloating which threatened almost immediate death. The second night of the attack, we almost despaired of my living. From the first, I was taken with excruciating pain and spitting bilious fluid from the stomach, and could keep nothing down, nor effect a motion of the bowels sufficient to afford a permanent relief; a clyster of salts was introduced into the bowels with a long tube and stomach pump the second night, and followed by a portion of the same medicine in the morning, which soon gave signs of relief. The cathartic operated favorably and thoroughly, and I recovered almost immediately so as to be able to sit up and be about the room. Previous to this, and almost as soon as husband returned and inquired into my case, he discovered a beating tumor near the umbilicus and fears it is an

aneurism of the main aorta below the heart. If what he fears is true, he says there is no probability or possibility of a cure, or of my ever enjoying anything more than a comfortable degree of health, and I am liable at any moment to a sudden death. While I was at Vancouver, I placed myself under Doctor Barclay's care, a surgeon of the H. B. Company's. He discovered that I had an enlargement of the right ovary and gave me iodine to remove it. I was very much improved by his kind attentions for that complaint, and had it not been for the other difficulty of the aorta which was not at that time discovered by Doctor Barclay, although it existed, I might have recovered my health. But the medicine I took for the cure of one tumor was an injury to the other, and for three months after my husband's return, my situation was a source of deepest anxiety to him and he greatly feared that he was about to be bereaved. But the Lord dealt in infinite loving kindness to us both, and in answer to prayer, raised me up again. Yes, beloved parents, while I was in that precarious state, and almost without hope that I should survive many hours, dear brother Littlejohn, who is now with us, prayed for me with the full assurance that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord heard and answered.

I am now much more comfortable than at that time husband expected I ever could be. I am able to take the whole care of my family and aid in doing the most difficult part of the work, or that that I cannot get done by others. During the first three months after my return to the station, husband was confined with the care of me and was obliged to have the whole care of the family upon his mind at the same time with his other duties. Our family was large and at the time I arrived, there were two large families of the emigrants in our house besides Mr. Littlejohn's, and our own consisted of six children and two hired men. We have written about our half breed children, those we had before the doctor left; in addition to those is Perrin, our nephew, and two English girls of the emigrating party of last year. One of them is thirteen and the other six; they are motherless; they have both re-

quired much training, but I hope to realize much benefit from them if I should succeed in keeping them.

This paper is so rough that it makes my writing look very miserable and I fear father and mother will scarcely be able to read it. I should take common-sized letter paper did I not wish to write more than one sheet. Last fall I did not write a single letter home. I was not able to, and feared I should never have the privilege again. Writing injures me very much, and unless I feel more than usually well I find it exceedingly difficult to attempt it, especially as I am situated; having just as much labor and care as a weak person ought to have, and much more that needs to be done.

My beloved parents need not be surprised should they hear of my death soon. Ever since the fall of 1840, the sickness I had at that time, I have been declining. Every spring I revive and feel quite well, and feel as if I should regain my health again, but every fall and winter I am very miserable. I may live several years yet, with care and favoring myself, but I do not expect it. My dear parents must wish to know how my mind stands affected in view of death. I can sincerely say that "I would not live always." Yet so long as I can be permitted to live and be a benefit to the living and the cause of Christ, I desire to. At times I long to be at rest, to be free from sin and its defilements and be made complete in the righteousness of our dear Saviour. Earth and the things of this world in themselves considered have no charms for me. I can resign them all for a place in the presence of Jesus. I feel that I am a miserably poor sinner, and unworthy of a name or a place among the "sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty." Yet I hope and trust alone in the merits of him who is infinitely worthy, for salvation from all sin and unrighteousness. He is my all, and I desire to be His entirely.

Last winter I felt in some considerable degree what is one of the missionary's greatest trials, to be sick and nigh unto death, and to die away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and

sympathizing friends. It is, indeed, no small trial for flesh and blood to endure, but thanks to God, His cheering presence can more than supply the absence of all these. Do my dear parents cease not to pray for your afflicted daughter that I may be prepared; ready, watching and waiting for the summons to depart and be with Christ "which is far better." For His sake and the missionary cause, I could live long and toil and labor through many a wearisome day and night to aid in accomplishing His great work. But as He directs, so I desire to follow, and to say, "The will of the Lord be done."

I have something to say concerning the manner in which I spent my time last summer while the doctor was gone. I forget when was the last time I wrote you. I think, however, it was last spring. I came from Mr. Perkins in April and visited the station and went to Walla Walla in May to avail myself of the opportunity of a passage in the brigade boats the first of June. We reached Vancouver in five days, remained there until the middle of July and then went to the Willamette Falls, where I spent three weeks very pleasantly in the families of Mr. Abernethy and Mr. Walters of the Methodist Mission. In August, the Company's ship was about leaving in which Mr. and Mrs. Lee of Waskopum was about to depart in her; also Dr. Babcock and wife and Mr. and Mrs. Frost, all Methodist missionaries. I went down to the mouth of the Columbia river to see them depart and to get a view of the Pacific ocean. I enjoyed the voyage down and my visit there very much. The scenery of the ocean and the bar was new to me. I also had a visit with the families of the Mission at the Clatsop station. Mr. and Mrs. Parrish, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Judson and family, and Mrs. Olley [Olney?] had come down for the benefit of Mrs. Judson's health. Mr. Leslie and Mr. Jason Lee were there also. I spent a day or two on board ship with Mrs. Lee, in whose society I enjoyed so much satisfaction while at Waskopum. Visited the celebrated Astoria, now Fort George, and the day the ship sailed went round Clatsop Point to the station and spent nearly a week there and enjoyed some precious religious privileges with the brethren and sisters there and re-

turned with Mr. J. Lee and Mr. Leslie to the Willamette Falls, and immediately proceeded up the river to the upper Mission and visited the families of Rev. Mr. Hinds, Mr. Beers and others, and also Mr. and Mrs. Gray, my old associates. While there a camp-meeting was held near by, which I attended and a precious season it was to my soul. To witness again the anxious tear and hear the deep-felt inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" as I once used to, filled me with joy inexpressible. It continued four days and resulted in the conversion of almost all the impenitent on the ground. From this precious season, after a week or two, we came to the Falls where a protracted meeting was held. While that was in progress, the news came that my husband was on his return with a hundred and forty wagons containing an immense party of emigrants, and that probably he was now at Waiilatpu. This was cheering news, as I had just heard from the Islands through Mr. Hall that, in recent news from the States to the Islands down as late as April, 1843, no mention was made of his arrival. This had given me much anxiety, but it was not long before the other intelligence came. The last week in September, I left the Falls for Vancouver and The Dalles in company with Mr. J. Lee, the Superintendent of that Mission, and turned my back upon many dear friends in Christ with whom I was permitted to form an acquaintance and a Christian attachment never to be forgotten.

Having been so long secluded, I was well prepared to enjoy society and I may well say that some of the moments spent there with Christian friends were among the happiest in my life. We made a short stay at Vancouver and then proceeded on our way up the river. Passing the Cascades and making the portage, we had continual rain, and before we reached The Dalles, I took cold to my great injury, as it afterwards proved. Between the Cascades and The Dalles, I received father's letter with several others from friends, also sisters Jane, C. and H; I am greatly obliged to them for writing. Mr. Lee waited at The Dalles until the doctor came. It was pleasing to see the pioneers of the two Missions meet and hold counsel together. Soon we parted and I turned my face with

my husband toward this dark spot, and dark, indeed, it seemed to be to me when compared with the scenes, social and religious which I had so recently been enjoying with so much zest.

When we parted with Mr. Lee, we little thought that our first news from him would be, that he had set his face toward his native land. But it was, indeed, so. He has gone again and I should rejoice if dear father and mother would see him. He has shown me great kindness during my lonely state, and may the Lord reward him for it. He has been deeply afflicted in his domestic relations. He has buried two excellent wives, and a little son. A little daughter of his last wife, still survives to comfort and cheer him in his loneliness. She has gone with him to the States; and so has Rev. Mr. Hinds and his wife. As they are from the region of Allegheny county, I hope father will see them.

It must appear singular to friends at home to hear of the return of so many missionaries from Oregon. So it seems to us; but we have not the discouragements which our friends of that Mission have. The Indians of the Willamette and the coast are diminishing rapidly; but they have another work put into their hands. Settlers are coming into the country like a flood and every one of these need the gospel preached to them as much as the heathen. That Society have been and are doing a great deal of good in the lower country. Mr. Clark and Mr. Griffin, ministers of our denomination, are settled near on the Tualatin plains and are doing much good in the way of schools and preaching. I did not visit them, although greatly urged to; on account of my health I could not ride there, as it was some distance from the river.

I was greatly disappointed in not seeing Jane when the doctor returned. I fancied he would bring her, and so he would have done had a family been coming with whom it would have been prudent for her to come. I still hope some day to see her here. But I know not how. This I do know, that no one of my friends at home know of how much comfort she would be to me if she was here.

Sister Littlejohn is a great comfort to me. She acted the part of a sister to me during my sickness, but I do not always expect to keep her. Mr. Littlejohn is in poor health and unable to labor. His mind suffers greatly from dejection and melancholy, and he longs to go back so the States again.

Mr. and Mrs. Spalding and two children have been deeply afflicted the past summer, just before the doctor's return, with sickness, especially Mrs. S. She lay for several days expecting every moment would be her last, and no physician near. Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn was there at that time, and as soon as possible Mr. Geiger, who was at this station, was sent for, also Mr. Walker, to preach her funeral sermon—expecting she would die before he reached there. Her husband and children were sick at the same time and all must have perished had it not been that Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn were providentially there, having a short time before returned from Mr. Walker's. God in mercy spared them all and restored them back to health again. But Mrs. S. is feeble, and like myself, we feel cannot be expected to live long.

Since my return to the station, Mrs. S. has written me very kindly, showing that her feelings have undergone a change during her sickness, while in the near view of death and expecting every moment to enter the dark valley. This is a great consolation to us, and we hope and believe that they both feel different toward us from what they did, and surely they have great reason to, from husband's account of his visit to the rooms in Boston.

I desire never to pass through such scenes of trial as I have done, and God grant that I may never be called to. We both have spent a happy winter in each other's society. Having those unhappy difficulties removed makes a change in our every day feelings. We are happier in each other and happier in God and in our work than we could have been while laboring under those exciting difficulties—yea! soul-destroying difficulties, I may well say.

For more than a year past I have enjoyed an unwonted quiet resting upon God my Redeemer, especially during my husband's

absence. Truly my Saviour was with me in those trying hours, and sustained me far beyond what I deserve. A calm, peaceful sense of His abiding presence was what I almost daily realized. Being free from any distracting cares of my family and the station, I had nothing else to do but rest myself in my Saviour's arms; and it would be well for me now if I were to do the same, instead of attempting to shoulder my cares, as I often do—to cast them on Him who has said "Cast thy burdens upon the Lord and He will sustain thee." I know this, and believe it, too, for I have sometimes realized it. But to have the constant habit of doing so is what I would gladly obtain, and I know I may with diligence and prayerful watching thereunto.

I see I have almost exceeded my limits, and must think of closing. Father's letters are choice gems to me, and I hope he will continue to write as long as I live. O! that dear mother would put some of her thoughts on paper for the consolation of my heart. She does not know what joy it would give me. I am a thousand times thankful for all the favors I receive from home, and shall write to all as many and as much as my weak state will admit.

Love to all, in which husband unites. I am sorry he did not have time to make a longer visit after going so far. Farewell, dear father and mother, and if I never write again till we meet in heaven,

Your ever affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
N. Y., U. S. A.

FROM DR. WHITMAN

WAIILATPU, May 16th, 1844.

My Dear Father and Mother:—A little more than a year has elapsed since I had the pleasure of seeing you. The remembrance of that visit will never be effaced from my mind. I did not misjudge as to my duty to return home; the importance of my accompanying the emigration on one hand and the consequent scarcity of provisions on the other, strongly called for my return, and forbid my bringing another party that year.

As I hold the settlement of this country by Americans rather than by an English colony most important, I am happy to have been the means of landing so large an emigration on to the shores of the Columbia, with their wagons, families and stock, all in safety.

The health of Narcissa was such in my absence and since my return as to call loudly for my presence. We despaired of her life at times and for the winter have not felt she could live long. But there is more hope at present, although nothing very decisive can be said. While on the way back, I had an inflammation in my foot which threatened to suppurate, but I discussed it and thought nothing more of it until I got home, when I found I had a tumor on the instep. It appears to be a bony tumor and has given me a good deal of apprehension and inconvenience, but is now some better, but not well.

It gives me much pleasure to be back again and quietly at work again for the Indians. It does not concern me so much what is to become of any particular set of Indians, as to give them the offer of salvation through the gospel and the opportunity of civilization, and then I am content to do good to all men as "I have opportunity." I have no doubt our greatest work is to be to aid the white settlement of this country and help to found its re-

ligious institutions. Providence has its full share in all these events. Although the Indians have made and are making rapid advance in religious knowledge and civilization, yet it cannot be hoped that time will be allowed to mature either the work of Christianization or civilization before the white settlers will demand the soil and seek the removal of both the Indians and the Mission. What Americans desire of this kind they always effect, and it is equally useless to oppose or desire it otherwise. To guide, as far as can be done, and direct these tendencies for the best, is evidently the part of wisdom. Indeed, I am fully convinced that when a people refuse or neglect to fill the designs of Providence, they ought not to complain at the results; and so it is equally useless for Christians to be anxious on their account. The Indians have in no case obeyed the command to multiply and replenish the earth, and they cannot stand in the way of others in doing so. A place will be left them to do this as fully as their ability to obey will permit, and the more we can do for them the more fully will this be realized. No exclusiveness can be asked for any portion of the human family. The exercise of his rights are all that can be desired. In order for this to its proper extent in regard to the Indians, it is necessary that they seek to preserve their rights by peaceable means only. Any violation of this rule will be visited with only evil results to themselves.

The Indians are anxious about the consequence of settlers among them, but I hope there will be no acts of violence on either hand. An evil affair at the Falls of the Wallamett, resulted in the death of two white men killed and one Indian. But all is now quiet. I will try to write to Brother Jackson when I will treat of the country, etc.

It will not surprise me to see your whole family in this country in two years. Let us hear from you often. Narcissa may be able to write for herself. We wish to be remembered with your other children in your prayers.

Your affectionate son,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 9th, 1844.

Beloved and Honored Parents:—I have no unanswered letters on hand, either from dear father and mother or any of the family, yet I cannot refrain from writing every stated opportunity. The season has arrived when the emigrants are beginning to pass us on their way to the Willamette. Last season there were such a multitude of starving people passed us that quite drained us of all our provisions, except potatoes. Husband has been endeavoring this summer to cultivate so as to be able to impart without so much distressing ourselves. In addition to this, he has been obliged to build a mill, and to do it principally with his own hands, which has rendered it exceedingly laborious for him. In the meantime, I have endeavored to lighten his burden as much as possible in superintending the ingathering of the garden, etc. During this period, the Indians belonging to this station and the Nez Perces go to Forts Hall and Boise to meet the emigrants for the purpose of trading their wornout cattle for horses. Last week Tuesday, several young men arrived, the first of the party that brought us any definite intelligence concerning them (having nothing but Indian reports previous), among whom was a youth from Rushville formerly, of the name of Gilbert, one of husband's scholars.

Last Friday a family of eight arrived, including the grandmother, an aged woman, probably as old, or older than my mother. Several such persons have passed, both men and women, and I often think when I gaze upon them, shall I ever be permitted to look upon the face of my dear parents in this land?

25th—When I commenced this letter I intended to write a little every day, so as to give you a picture of our situation at this time. But it has been impossible. Now I must write as briefly as possible and send off my letter, or lose the opportunity. The emigration is late in getting into the country. It is now the last of October and they have just begun to arrive with their wagons. The Blue mountains are covered with snow, and many families, if not half of the party, are back in or beyond the mountains, and what is still worse, destitute of provisions and some of them of

clothing. Many are sick, several with children born on the way. One family arrived here night before last, and the next morn a child was born; another is expected in the same condition.

Here we are, one family alone, a way mark, as it were, or center post, about which multitudes will or must gather this winter. And these we must feed and warm to the extent of our powers. Blessed be God that He has given us so abundantly of the fruit of the earth that we may impart to those who are thus famishing. Two preachers with large families are here and wish to stay for the winter, both Methodist. With all this upon our hands, besides our duties and labors for the Indians, can any one think we lack employment or have any time to be idle?

Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn left us in September and have gone below to settle in the Willamette. We have been looking for associates this fall, but the Board could get none ready, but say, they will send next year. Am I ever to see any of my family among the tide of emigration that is flowing west?

Our mill is finished and grinds well. It is a mill out of doors or without a house; that we must build next year.

We have employed a young man of the party to teach school, so that we hope to have both an English school and one for the natives. My health has been improving remarkably through the summer, and one great means has been daily bathing in the river. I was very miserable one year ago now, and was brought very low and poor; now I am better than I have been for some time, and quite fleshy for me. I weigh one hundred and sixty-seven pounds; much higher than ever before in my life. This will make the girls laugh, I know. Mrs. Spalding's health is better than last year. She expects an increase in her family soon.

This country is destined to be filled, and we desire greatly to have good people come, and ministers and Christians, that it may be saved from being a sink of wickedness and prostitution. We need many houses to accommodate the families that will be obliged to winter here. All the house room that we have to spare is filled

already. It is expected that there are more than five hundred souls back in the snow and mountains. Among the number is an orphan family of seven children, the youngest an infant born on the way, whose parents have both died since they left the States. Application has been made for us to take them, as they have not a relative in the company. What we shall do I cannot say; we cannot see them suffer, if the Lord casts them upon us. He will give us His grace and strength to do our duty to them.

I cannot write any more, I am so thronged and employed that I feel sometimes like being crazy, and my poor husband, if he had a hundred strings tied to him pulling in every direction, could not be any worse off.

Dear parents, do pray earnestly for your children here, for their situation is one of great trial, as well as of responsibility.

Love from us both to you all. I am disappointed in not getting letters from some of the dear ones this fall, but so it must be and I submit.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, April 8th, 1845.

My Dear Father:—It gives me pleasure to write you at this time, as I know you will be anxious to hear how we prosper. The health of Narcissa is very much improved from what it was when I came home and the winter following, yet it is not good, nor is it likely to be again. She is, however, able to take the charge of the family, and to perform much important labor. Our family had the important addition of an orphan family of seven children whose parents both died on the road to this country. The two oldest are boys, the oldest is fourteen, and the rest are girls; the

youngest was only five months when she came here. It did not seem likely the little one could have lived many days more, but she is now strong and healthy, as are all the rest.

I have thought much for the last winter that I should be glad if you were in this country. The immigrants are benefiting themselves much by coming here, as they take each a mile square of land and will hold it, as they make such regulations among themselves, in accordance with the bill of Mr. Linn, formerly in the Senate of the U. S.

No country now open to settlers presents such a field for enterprise, as this near vicinity to the Pacific ocean offers large promise of commercial advantage. The salubrity of the climate is such here that I am every year only the more and more admiring it. Flowers have been in blossom in this valley this year since the middle of January, and the grass is as fine for the whole winter as in almost any other country in June.

I have had much to do with supplying immigrants for the last two years.

My mill was burnt soon after I left for the States, but I have rebuilt it, and have a saw-mill in a state of forwardness, which I hope to start soon after planting. It is about twenty miles from the house and situated in the Blue mountains. It is necessary to have a saw-mill, as we are in want of conveniences, and our houses are to be roofed anew, as we have only dirt roofs at present, and besides we have no house over our flour-mill, and we need storehouses.

We must also use a saw-mill for fencing, as timber is so scarce except in the mountains. The Indians are doing more this year at farming than before and fencing much better—a thing much needed, for most of them are now getting more or less cows and other cattle. I have killed nineteen beeves, of course mostly to supply immigrants. The last was but two years old when killed the 10th of March and weighed six-hundred, and the tallow, after one hind quarter was sold, weighed 65 lbs. This will show a spec-

imen of my stock, as we never feed either to raise or fatten, and he was only an ordinary animal. I have four two year old heifers (this spring only) which have each better yearlings sucking them, probably than any that can be shown in the state of New York, except they have had more than one cow's milk.

We have above eighty sheep, a large part ewes, as we kill the wethers—besides all that have been killed by dogs, wolves, etc., and besides a good many furnished the Indians. All these came from one ewe brought from the Sandwich Islands in '38 and two more brought in '39. We shall have more than a hundred when the spring lambs have come.

Let us hear from you, and if any of you think to come here.

I have had many a rebuke by Narcissa, because I did not bring Jane with me when I came back. Edward might do well in this country, and we shall be glad to see him when his education is completed, if he is to complete it; but if not, still let him come, but only with a wife. You can come in wagons all the way, but bring nothing but provisions and necessary clothing—nothing. Accept our love for you all. And believe us,

Your affectionate children,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

My Dear Parents:—I have now a family of eleven children. This makes me feel as if I could not write a letter, not even to my dearest friends, much as I desire to. I get along very well with them; they have been to school most of the time; we have had an excellent teacher, a young man from New York. He became hopefully converted soon after entering our family, and mother, I wish you could see me now in the midst of such a group of little ones; there are two girls of nine years, one of seven, a girl and boy of six, another girl of five, another of three and the baby, she is now ten months. I often think of mother when she had the care of Henry Martin Curtis.

It would make me indescribably happy to have father and mother and some of the children come to Oregon; but it is such a journey I fear mother would be sorry she undertook it, if she should conclude to come, but if once here I think there would be no cause of regret. Families can come quite comfortable and easy in wagons all the way. But why should I wish thus? It cannot be possible that I shall see my beloved parents again—is it?—until I meet them in heaven. The Lord only knows; I will leave it with Him to direct all these things. We have had some serious trials this spring with the Indians. Two important Indians have died and they have ventured to say and intimate that the doctor has killed them by his magical power, in the same way they accuse their own sorcerers and kill them for it. Also an important young man has been killed in California by Americans; he was the son of the Walla Walla chief and went there to get cattle, with a few others. This has produced much excitement also. We are in the midst of excitement and prejudice on all sides, both from Indians and passing immigrants, but the Lord has preserved us hitherto and will continue to, if we trust Him. Love to all, as ever and forever.

Your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Cuba, New York.

WAIILATPU, April 9th, 1846.

My Dear Mother:—It is now ten years since I left the paternal roof of my home east of the Rocky mountains, and how much have I been thinking of the scenes that transpired at that time, and of the dear, dear friends, I have left behind. My father, my mother, venerable friends—shall I ever behold your faces again in the flesh? O, how I long to see you, yet I dare not indulge the thought lest I should be found to murmur. If it would give such joy and satisfaction to meet again in this world, to interchange thoughts and feelings, what will it be to meet above, when we

shall be free from sin and sorrow, in the immediate presence of our Saviour to adore and wonder together and praise God and the Lamb before the throne. My thoughts have been very much in heaven, on heavenly subjects for two or three months past, having been permitted to accompany a fellow traveler down to the gates of death and to see him pass the dark waters triumphantly and enter joyfully the New Jerusalem above. O, what a glorious sight, and I may say that reluctantly I turned away, mourning that I was not permitted to follow him in reality as with an eye of faith. The individual I refer to, was not a relative, or I could not have stood and looked on with such composure and quietness, he was a young man nearly thirty-two years of age; far gone in the consumption when he arrived here last fall, as one of last immigration—Joseph S. Findly, from Illinois, and without friends and money, left here to die among strangers. His brother went on past to the Willamette, and he stopped here because it was more unfavorable for an invalid there in the winter time then here. We had assistance, however, in taking care of him until the last month of his life, when the sole care devolved on me and the children; my health very poor all the time. You can see, beloved parents, what my work was, when I tell you that when he came here, he was without a Saviour. This gave deep anxiety of mind and earnest prayers, until the Lord was pleased to bring him to himself, but the evidence was not always so clear as to feel very confident in his case, so that, during the whole time, I felt a tender anxious watchfulness for him, which led me to be constantly seeking an opportunity of nourishing and cherishing him as I would a little child. Blessed be the Lord, he did not suffer me to labor in vain, but from time to time gave me evidence to believe that the good which he had begun, was progressing. Along in February he manifested a desire to unite with the church. An opportunity was presented.

Mr. Spalding and family visited us the last of February, and on the 26th, he with Mr. Rogers, another young man that had been employed as teacher of our children, offered themselves and were received most joyfully into our little church here in the

wilderness. He was unable to sit up, consequently we were gathered around his sick and dying bed, to commemorate with him for the first and last time the dying love of our blessed Redeemer before he left us to join the church triumphant above. From this time on his evidence of an acceptance grew brighter and stronger, yet it never exceeded a calm and steady trusting in the Saviour, sometimes doubting almost that such a sinner could be saved. I never could discover anything like ecstasy, joy, or rejoicing at any time in his state of mind. He never had received very much religious instruction in his youth, his mother having died when he was quite young.

Many, very many, precious seasons I have spent with him, reading, conversing, and praying with him, and I have been very much refreshed myself in doing it. Although I had more work and care on my hands than I could do, without him, in the care of my eleven children, yet I felt that it was work that the Lord put in my hands and He would and did give me strength to do it. He died on Saturday, 28th of March, few minutes past one, He was more than two hours dying. Mr. Spalding was providentially present at the time of his death. When I discovered a change had taken place in his breathing, I went to him and told him that I thought Jesus was about to take him away, and asked him if he did not rejoice? He said he did, if he knew what rejoicing was. Soon he said, "Lord, help me now," and then asked Mr. Spalding and myself if we thought he was smothering, meaning that he was distressed to get his breath; we told him we thought he was dying, and asked if he did not wish Mr. Spalding to pray? He said, "Yes;" and we united in fervent prayer that the Lord would not forsake him now in this trying hour, and commended his departing spirit into the hands of his Saviour.

The family were called in. I asked him if he felt the Saviour present with him now? He said deliberately, "I think He is." Occasionally ejaculations like these would be heard from him as we stood watching around him, "Lord, help me now; Thy will be done." After a little he looked up and around and said,

"Farewell to this world;" then, some moments after, "Father, Thy will be done." Afterwards he reached his hand to husband and I, with a look of gratitude and thankfulness for the kindness he had received from us. Soon after Mr. Spalding asked him if the Saviour was with him? After a moment he said, "I think so." Shortly after he ejaculated, "Jesus, save me." Mr. Rogers stood by him holding his hand. In a few minutes he looked at us with inexpressible sweetness depicted in his countenance, and said, "Sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus!" as if anxious that we should receive the evidence of his Saviour's presence with him and the token he had just received from Him. It was like a ray of glory bursting through him upon our minds. It completely melted us all. From this time on he lay breathing still more and more laborious, and he desired us to try and turn him to see if he could not find relief; but the change of position made it still more difficult, and he wished to lie back again as he was before, exclaiming, "Sweet Jesus! sweet Jesus!" as if the Saviour had again given him another taste of His sweetness, and assurance that rest or ease was not for him in this world. After this the occasional uttering of these words, "Sweet Jesus!" led us to think that his communion was more with the inhabitants of the heavenly world than with us, although he was most perfectly conscious of every thing that passed up to the last moment. A little after one o'clock he uttered "Sweet Jesus!" sweet Redeemer!" and then "Farewell, farewell, farewell!" and, indistinctly, "I am going!" and thus expired, sweetly yielding up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer.

This was new and unexpected to Mr. Spalding and Mr. Rogers, they having never seen the like before. As for me, I had been asking that the Lord might be glorified in his death, and thus we were left without a doubt that our brother, on whom we had bestowed so much anxious care, had gone to be forever with the Lord; feeling, too, that we had been more than amply rewarded for the labor bestowed upon him. He was always so grateful for the attention shown him, particularly for the instruction and religious help he received—said if he had ever in his life had such

instruction, he would never have lived so far from the Saviour as he had done. He felt that I had been a mother to him, for he never received such attention before from any one, and he said it weeping. But it was all of the Lord to dispose my heart in kindness toward him when I am always so weak and burdened with cares. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in; sick, and ye ministered unto me"—these and similar passages all the way through were my support; and I pray God I may always be in a frame of mind to apply this scripture, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

April 10th, 1846.

My Dear Father:—I have received no letters from father, mother or any the sisters or brothers in Allegheny county since husband returned. I wonder why, sometimes, and feel a little like complaining. Nothing I receive from the United States gives me so much comfort as letters from my dear parents. I am sure those sisters and brothers might write oftener if they would think so. It may be that you are feeling as if I had not been as faithful lately as formerly; true, I have not, but it is not for the want of a disposition. The greatest reason is want of health, then the care of a large family of eleven children, aside from our complicated duties to the Indians. Think of our being the sole instructors spiritually and mentally of so many children, except during the winter, we hire a teacher; otherwise all these mental and physical instructions devolves upon us, and no responsibility is greater than the care of so many immortal souls to train up for God, and we must be the ministers, Sabbath school teachers, parents and all to our children. I am sometimes about ready to sink under the weight of responsibility resting upon me, and should, were it not that an Almighty hand sustains me. Bringing up a family of children in a heathen land, where every influence tends to degrade rather than elevate, requires no small measure of faith and patience, as well as great care and prayerful watchfulness. Under such circumstances, how comforting could I call in the

superior wisdom and experience of my beloved parents to aid us in times of emergency. As a substitute for this, however, and for it I desire to be thankful, the influence of the impressions made upon my young mind by those beloved ones are now being called forth and acting upon other minds to a degree that astonishes me many times, and I may say that almost always those impressions are of such a nature, that if faithfully carried out, would greatly tend to promote the honor and glory of God. Children of such parents have much, very much, to praise God for, and if it should be found at last that any of them have not borne fruit to His Name's glory, how great will be their condemnation.

There has been considerable evidence of the movings of the Holy Spirit upon the minds of the children since the first of January, as well as upon some that wintered here. For ourselves, we feel that our own souls have been greatly revived, and I hope and pray that we may never again relapse into such a state of insensibility and worldly-mindedness as we many times have found ourselves in. This may seem strange to my dear father, that missionaries should ever become worldly-minded; and it should be strange, for it never ought to be; but situated as we are, with every thing of a temporal nature to see to, in supplying our own family with food and clothing, to try and save expenses to the churches, and also to relieve as much as possible a starving immigration as they pass, together with the temporal and spiritual calls of the Indians—what time is there left for the care of one's own heart? If there is any, it may all be required to restore our over-exhausted natures, which often groan under their burden and will sooner or later tumble and fall down. I would not plead any excuse; if there is fault any where it is in undertaking to accomplish too much of a worldly nature. When I say this, a thought comes in: Where shall we draw the line? As it is, we but just make the ends meet, and sometimes with the greatest difficulty, too. Much, very much, is left undone that might be done to make us more comfortable and save labor. Thus we struggle on from year to year.

How cheering under such circumstances, when the heart is weighed to the earth with a burden too heavy for mortal man to

sustain, to have an aged Christian, a minister whose heart is always glowing with love to God and for the souls of men, call in, sit and converse awhile and draw the mind to heavenly things and sympathize and pray with us. To me it would seem to fill my soul with such ecstacy that I should want nothing more. It would be a heaven on earth. Perhaps, dear father will say that I can draw a richer draught from the fountain head, Jesus, oftener and easier than that. True, I may; but that requires effort and energy of mind more than I at all times possess, laboring as I am under the infirmity of a debilitated nervous system. But why should I be indulged in such a melancholy strain? Can it be that I wish to excuse myself for negligence on my part? This, I confess, is too often a fault; for if it were otherwise, I should not be mourning for my beloved Jesus as I often find myself now, notwithstanding His permitting me to speak of His faithfulness and of His tender care and love for me, unworthy as I am. He gives me now and then streams from which to gather refreshing sweetness. But the fountain head oftener pours its healing waters into my weary, sin-sick soul. Instead of complaining that I enjoy so little, rather let me rejoice that my mercies and spiritual comfort and enjoyments are so many and great.

If my dear father and mother were here, I think they would be very well contented, for we could give them a very comfortable home and enough to eat and do, and if the distance were not so great, I should hope they would come and finish their days with us. But it is a dreadful journey to perform to get here, and I ought not to ask such a sacrifice of them for my own comfort, merely; but if there could be a design worthy of the sacrifice and fatigue to such elderly people, I should ask it with all my heart, if there was a willing mind. I know father once used to think he should come to Oregon; but if I recollect right he wrote me that he had given it up. It is not so difficult to get here now as when I came, for families come in wagons all the way. The fatigue is great, however, and the dust from Fort Hall here is very afflicting; aside from that, with food enough and teams enough, no loading except necessary clothing, it would not be difficult.

Father, if you would send word from Fort Hall we could send and meet you and assist you on. But the greatest affliction would be to the pious soul—it is so continually vexed with the ungodly conversation and profanity of the wicked, and is so often brought into straitened circumstances with regard to his own duty in obeying the commands of God, such as keeping the Sabbath, etc., that he often is wounded to that degree that it requires many months, if not years, before he is restored to his wonted health again. To be in a country among a people of no law, even if they are from a civilized land, is the nearest like a hell on earth of anything I can imagine. I do not say that the journey cannot be performed and the Christian enjoy his peace of mind and continued communion with God all the way. But this I know, that the experience of all proves it to be exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. It is often said that every Christian gets so that he can swear before the journey is completed. One thing has been true of almost every party that have crossed the mountains; Christians are not warned of their danger before starting, and are consequently off their guard. If I had to ever again, I should try and pray more, both in secret, family and social meetings, but above all in secret, for if faithful there the soul is kept alive and in health, Generally speaking, every religious duty has been neglected and probably none more so than reading the Bible, consequently dearth prevails over the whole mind.

If I am not permitted to see my dear parents here, I hope I shall hear from them often. I love to have them both write; when they receive this, they will know how to pray for us, and will I trust most fervently.

From your most affectionate child,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, April 13th, 1846.

My Dear Harriet:—I believe I have not written you since the Lord brought this orphan family under our care. How could I, for I have been so unwell and had this increase of care upon my mind, that I have written to no one in the States, as I recollect. I find the labor greater in doing for so many, especially in instructing them—where they come in all at once—than if they had come along by degrees and had received a start in their education, one before the other; whereas all their minds appear to be alike uninstructed, especially in the great truths of Christianity.

I would like to know how you and Clarissa get along in unfolding the minds of your little ones. I hope you both feel that the immortal part is of the greatest moment in all your strivings for them, and to educate the physical in such a way as to give the immortal part the utmost vigor and energy possible.

I used to think mother was the best hand to take care of babies I ever saw,but I believe, or we have the vanity to think, we have improved upon her plan. That you may see how we manage with our children, I will give you a specimen of our habits with them and we feel them important, too, especially that they may grow up healthy and strong. Take my baby, as an example: in October, 1844, she arrived here in the hands of an old filthy woman, sick, emaciated and but just alive. She was born some where on the Platte river in the first part of the journey, on the last day of May. Her mother died on the 25th of September. She was five months old when she was brought here—had suffered for the want of proper nourishment until she was nearly starved. The old woman did the best she could, but she was in distressed circumstances herself, and a wicked, disobedient family around her to see to.

Husband thought we could get along with all but the baby—he did not see how we could take that; but I felt that if I must take any, I wanted her as a charm to bind the rest to me. So we

took her, a poor, distressed little object, not larger than a babe three weeks old. Had she been taken past at this late season, death would have been her portion, and that in a few days. The first thing I did for her was to give her some milk and put her in the cradle. She drank a gill, she was so hungry, but soon cleared herself of it by vomiting and purging. I next had a pail of warm water and put her in it, gave her a thorough cleansing with soap and water, and put on some clean clothes;—put her in the cradle and she had a fine nap. This I followed every day, washing her thoroughly in tepid water, about the middle of the forenoon.

She soon began to mend, but I was obliged to reduce her milk with a little water, as her stomach was so weak she could not bear it in its full strength.

Now I suppose you think such a child would be very troublesome nights, but it was not so with her; we put her in the cradle and she slept until morning without waking us more than once, and that only for a few of the first nights. Her habits of eating and sleeping were as regular as clock-work. She had a little gill cup which we fed her in; she would take that full every meal, and when done would want no more for a long time. Thus I continued, giving her nothing else but milk, she only required the more until her measure became half a pint. In consequence of the derangement of her digestive powers, which did not recover their healthy tone, she had a day of sickness some time in Dec. when we gave her a little oil and calomel; this restored her completely, and since that time, and even before, she has nothing to do but to grow, and that as fast as possible; she is as large or larger than her next older sister Louisa was when she came here, then nearly three years old. She now lacks a month and a half of being two years old. She is strong, healthy, fleshy, heavy, runs any where she is permitted, talks everything nearly, is full of mischief if I am out of the room. She is energetic and active enough, and has a disposition to have her own way, especially with the children, if she is not prevented.

She contended sharply for the mastery with her mother before she was a year old, but she, of course, had to submit. Since then

she has been very obedient, but frequently tries the point to see if her parents are steadfast and uniform in their requirements or not. She will obey very well in sight, but loves to get out of sight for the purpose of doing as she pleases. She sings a little, but not nearly as much as Alice C. did when she was of her age. Thus much for my baby, Henrietta Naomi Sager. She had another name when she came here, but the children were anxious to call her after her parents. Her father's name was Henry and her mother's was Naomi—we put them together.

What I call an improvement upon mother's plan is the daily bathing of children. I take a child as soon as it is born and put it in a washbowl of water and give it a thorough washing with soap. I do this the next day and the next, and so on every day as long as the washbowl will hold it; when it will not, then I get a tub or something larger, and continue to do it until the child is able to be carried to the river or to go itself. Every one of my girls go to the river all summer long for bathing every day before dinner, and they love it so well that they would as soon do without their dinner as without that. In the winter we bathe in a tub once a week at the least. This is our practice as well as the children. I do not know but these are your habits, but if they are not, I should like to have you try them just to see the benefit of them. I never gave Henrietta any food but milk until she was nearly a year-and-a-half old. She never wanted any thing else. I avoid as much as possible giving my children candies, sweetmeats, etc., such as many parents allow their children to indulge in almost all the while; neither do I permit them to eat cakes and pies very often.

It is well to study these things with regard to our children, for it saves many a doctor bill; and another thing with our children, we never give medicine if we can help it. If children complain of the headache, or are sick at the stomach, send them to bed without their supper or other meals; they are sure to get up very soon feeling as well as ever.

My husband says many times when a physician is called to see a patient he finds nothing ails him but eating too much. If

he is told this he will be offended, so he is obliged to give him something, when all he needs is to do without a meal or two and to fast a day or two and drink water gruel.

Doubtless you will think this a strange letter, Harriet, but you must take it for what is worth and make the best of it.

We sleep out of doors in the summer a good deal—the boys all summer. This is a fine, healthy climate. I wish you were here to enjoy it with me, and pa and ma, too. We have as happy a family as the world affords. I do not wish to be in a better situation than this.

I never hear as much as I wish about Stephen's children. I should think Nancy Jane might write her aunt now—tell me something about them.

O, how I wish you were all here. I could find work enough for you all to do; and every winter we have a good school, so that our children are learning as fast as most children in the States.

Harriet, I do want you and that good husband of yours to come here and bring pa and ma. I know you will like it after you get here, if you do not like the journey. There are many of the last immigration that came without their families, that are now going back to bring them as quick as possible, and are only sorry they did not bring them last year. Bring as many girls as you can, but let every young man bring a wife, for he will want one after he gets here, if he never did before. Girls are in good demand for wives. I hope Edward and Jane will come. I have written to them to come. Judson wants to come, too. I hope he will, and many other Christians. Where is Jonas G.? Why does he not come? Poor man, I never can think of him without sorrow.

Love to all, and a kiss for all those little ones.

NARCISSA.

TSHIMAKAIN, April 22, 1846.

Miss Prentiss:—An apology is due in my attempting to write to you, being an entire stranger, although I feel almost as though I had been well acquainted with you for years, having become so much attached to Mrs. Whitman.

Some days before I left Dr. Whitman's for this place, Mrs. Whitman was speaking of having a great number of letters to write to the States, and in her pleasant way wished to know if I would not write some for her. To which I replied, I would rather engage her to write for me, as she could do it so much better; but said, finally, that I would write one to any of her friends, if she would do the same for me.

To this she agreed and gave me your name. I desired her to write to my mother, who is living near Monmouth, Warren county, Illinois, where I have been living for the last ten years before the spring of '45, at which time I left home with the desire of seeing the far West.

As I learned from Mrs. Whitman that you and your brother had some thought of coming to this country, you will doubtless feel more or less interested in some of the difficulties and trials that one has to encounter on the way. One of the greatest trials that a religious mind has to encounter on the way is the company one is often compelled to travel with. There is no place where one can better see all the varieties of civilized life than here. You can see from the highest to the lowest grade. You may see all these at home, it is true, but you can't see them all brought so closely together, and under so many vicissitudes of life as have to be passed through on the way—hunger and thirst and fatigue, cold and wet weather. Now you have bad roads and no grass for your cattle; now, perhaps, some one will tell you there is much danger from Indians. After traveling all day through dust that is almost insupportable, you will come into camp at 9 or 10 o'clock at night and feel almost as though you did not care

whether scalped before morning or not. And to make the trouble greater the cattle have almost nothing to eat, and may be you have no water within a mile, and perhaps no wood. Under such circumstances who is there among the sons of men that would not be likely to feel somewhat peevish, so much so that almost anything would throw him off his balance, and be likely to go beyond the bounds of propriety. Sure I am that nothing but "much of the mind of Christ," will support one under such trials. You must not think that the whole journey is just such as I have described. By no means. I have given you about as dark a picture as is likely to be met with on the road. But I must confess that I endured more fatigue during the six months we were on the way than I had ever before undergone in the same length of time. No one need think that it is like traveling in the stage or on the steamboat; yet one is not often vexed with high prices, nor are they in danger of being robbed as they are on steamboat.

One is not very likely to spend a great deal by the way, without he does it in gambling, which he may do here as well as any where if he wishes, as it is almost always the case that some one was thoughtful enough to bring a deck of cards with him; and if they have none of them, they bet on the distance to some hill, or on the distance traveled during the day, or that my oxen can draw more than yours.

Another trial that one has often to meet on the way is disregard for the Sabbath. I suppose there was about as much contention arose on that subject in the company in which I came as any another. A good part of the company cared nothing about that, or any other religious question, and if it suited them they wished to travel on that day as well as any other. And even when they did stop on that day it was only to mend their wagons, or wash their clothes. I do not say that all did so, for there were some of the company that were devotedly pious. There were three ministers in the company, one a Seceder minister from about Burlington. The other two were Baptist ministers, one from Iowa, the other from Rock Island county, Ill., whose name was Fisher, and who was formerly of Quincy, and is doubtless well

known there. He manifested more of the true spirit of Christ while on the road than any other man with whom I was acquainted. Sometimes one is compelled to travel on the Sabbath, even if the company were willing to stop, as it happens that pasture cannot be found in sufficient quantities, though this does not often occur, but it is often made a plea for traveling on that day when there would be plenty if they wished to stop to hunt buffalo. The company in which I came, traveled, may be, half the Sabbaths on the way. We had preaching most of the days on which we stopped. But I am dwelling too long on this subject, perhaps.

I desire to say to you, if you have any influence with respect to this country, I hope you will use it in endeavoring to have it settled with pious Yankees. Although not one myself, yet, as western people say, "I have a mighty liking to them." I do hope that it may be another New England, and I would to God that the mothers of this country could only be from Yankee land. Perhaps I have said more than I ought, but such are the sentiments of my heart, and I have ventured to express them. Let me but have the choice of the mothers of any country, and I will feel well satisfied as to the destiny of that country, either as to its moral, literary or civil aspect. But the moral prospect of this country is not very encouraging at this time. The "man of sin" appears to be making considerable progress in the lower settlements. One thing that makes much in his favor is, he has the influence of the H. B. Company; though it is to be hoped that God will thwart his plans, and that He will "overturn, overturn till He come whose right it is to reign." "Till the stone cut out of the mountain shall fill up the whole earth." May God hasten it in His day, is my earnest desire and prayer.

It may be interesting to you to know any one with whom I have been formerly acquainted. Mr. Bacon used to be my preceptor in music, whom I suppose you have often seen. I would like much to be remembered to him, if he is living there.

I have, perhaps, said more now than you will think worth sending more than two thousand miles, but I must say in conclu-

sion, that Dr. and Mrs. Whitman seem very near to me. It appeared almost like parting with my mother when I left there to come to this place (which you will find marked on the map of Oregon in the November number of the *Missionary Herald.*) I have spent many very pleasant hours in her company and hope to spend more ere life closes.

Should you ever receive this, a letter as long as you wish to write would be most acceptable. News from the States is always scarce at Tshimakain and Waiilatpu.

Your true friend,

ANDREW ROGERS, JR.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy, Adams Co.,
Illinois, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, Sept. 11th, 1846.

Mr. Harvey P. Prentiss, Mrs. Livonia L Prentiss, My Dear Brother and Sister:—It is but a few days since I received that good family letter bearing date of March, 1836, [1846?]. Since that time my mind has been much upon you for this reason: I hear you are removing to the South for the sake of a warmer climate. I had much rather you would come this way, and have been studying ever since to see if I could not induce you to come. There are many reasons why we wish you to come, but my time is so limited that I can give you but a few of them now. I shall write again this fall to some or all of you, if permitted. We wish you were here to assist us in our work; we have more than we can do, and if you were here now we could give you both labor and support and would be glad to do it. I know you would like this mild and healthy climate better than the one where you have gone, at least we think so. Take the map, if you please, and just look at our situation on this Western coast. The Sandwich Islands and China are our next door neighbors. I see I cannot en-

large upon this subject. I was going to speak of the facilities for acquiring competency, if not wealth, in this country, but my time will not permit.

A little reflection will show you what I wish to say and I hope induce you to come. If you will only manage to get here, we are here to assist you all you need to get a start, if you should not wish to continue with us. Do not be anxious for your children; here is a good place for them to do well for themselves, both as to education and getting a living. We have a good English school here every winter and eventually intend to have an academy or college. Do come. I say this with all my heart. You will find the journey a trying one, but there is no difficulty in getting here. A good wagon with an ox team, and cows to change with, will in time bring you here, and then I wish you would bring Jane. I want her here very much as a teacher, and Edward, too. If you come they will come, I have no doubt, for last year they wrote us proposing to come if we wanted them. The Board had rather we would employ a farmer than appoint one and send to us. We expect the line will be settled with England soon, if it is not already, and that the United States will extend her jurisdiction over us; when that is done, we expect there will be a flood of emigrants rolling this way. For three years past there has been large companies of from 500 to 700 wagons each year to Oregon and California.

Brother Kinny says he would come to Oregon, if he had no wife. Please tell him he is in a much better situation for coming to Oregon as a settler than if he had none, for nothing makes bachelors feel so much like getting a wife as to come here and find none to be had. Many are often disposed to degrade themselves enough to take a native.

I see Congress is talking about starting a mail across the mountains. When that is accomplished, I shall hope to hear from home friends oftener and more regular. Mother thinks if she should come here she would be afraid of the Indians. It might be, yet I think she would soon get over it. They never were more quiet and peaceable than now, and appear to be getting more so.

We feel that your going to Virginia will not be in the way of your coming, for we think you will be more likely to come here, for having come thus far. I hope you will write us and tell us all about it. As I know not where to direct this letter, I shall send it to father to have him forward it. I have written this in great haste, for the Indian post is waiting to take this, with many other letters, to Walla Walla, where the boats will leave to-morrow morning.

My health is quite good for me. All of the family are well; indeed, we have no sickness at all in the family scarcely, although the orphan family, before they came here, were quite subject to sickness.

Please give our united love to all our dear friends, and believe me

Affectionately your sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Alleghany Co.,
New York.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
Nov. 3rd, 1846.

Mrs. Clarissa Prentiss, Honored and Beloved Mother:—It is with indescribable pleasure I received and perused those excellent lines, penned by that hand that has been so much of my life devoted to my comfort, and dictated by that heart that has so often beat with emotion for my good, too deep for utterance. It really seemed as if the very fountains of my heart were broken up and my whole soul was filled with emotions indescribable. O, my mother, my dear mother, and father! How I love to dwell upon these blessed sounds. Do I love these dear ones less, as I grow in years and as separation widens? Surely not. Yea, my heart clings to them with an undying grasp; and I bless God that we have

the assurance that this union is not to end in this life, but will exist, yea, and increase, too, through an unending eternity.

It was but a few mornings ago that I was reading mother's letter to the children, and husband was sitting by. Afterwards I handed it to him, and looking at it, he said (the tears filling his eyes), "Mother writes well for one that writes so seldom;" said he "she writes better than any of her daughters." And so I think, too. I hope mother will be encouraged, when she finds her letters so acceptable and doing so much good, to write oftener, at least once a year, if not twice.

I have not yet received father's promised letter; it may be it failed to be in time for the opportunity of a transport across the mountains. Mother's, dated March 26th, 1846, was sent from Boston to Westport and reached me in about five months after it was mailed. This brings me very near home. Indeed, it is the first I have received since those sent by husband. It would be well to send everything direct to Westport, to the care of Boone & Hamilton, and in the summer and fall to Boston, and they will be most sure to reach us. There is a prospect of a monthly mail to be established soon from St. Louis to Oregon—so we judge from movements in Congress; when that is accomplished a new era will commence in our western world and a happy one, too, to us, if our friends will write us often.

Since writing the above we have been assembled for our Tuesday evening concert, established more than seven years ago by the two Missions, to pray for the cause of Christ in Oregon. We have evidence to believe that this concert of prayer has been greatly blessed to us, and this infant country. We feel that God has heard prayer, for many precious souls give evidence of having passed from death to life, some among the Indians and many more among our own countrymen. The standard of piety and morals in the Willamette is good for so new a country. Many pious people and professing Christians have found their way here, and many ministers of different denominations; yet there is a want of able ones. Mother asks what sort of people come to this country. There are very many intelligent and excellent peo-

ple, and also many others who are lawless and ignorant. It would be well for the Home Missionary Society, in her benevolence, to look this way, for this country is destined to exert an influence that will be felt the world over. The Papists are at work with all their might to get the control of the country, and have been ever since we have been here, nearly. We hope they will not succeed. Protestants need to be up and doing in order to save this the only spot of the whole western coast of North America from their iron grasp. God grant we may. For this purpose we need more active Christians, teachers, and ministers to come to this country from the East, and my dear father will, I hope, use all his powers in persuading such to come. I cannot bear the thought that my brothers and their families should go to Virginia to settle. Why will they not come here? It is both warm and healthy. Here they would be exerting an influence that would be felt for good, and here they would make a comfortable living without so much hard labor. I have written to Brother H. urging him to come here. We want him to help us very much. I hope he will get the letter. Brothers H. and C. I think would like the country, if once here. His being a married man is no objection, but rather a good reason why he should come, for with his family here, he would be worth something to the country. O, how I have desired, and still desire, to have Jane and Edward come as teachers. The Lord grant that they may, and that soon, too. I could wish that the Prattsburg colony might be turned this way, instead of going to Virginia. They are much needed here, and in the end would be much better satisfied, we have no doubt. I would ask father to come, but mother says she would be afraid of the Indians. I have a widow lady in my family who came over this fall that is fifty-seven years old. She is an excellent woman, so kind and motherly. She makes me think of my own dear mother every day, and what it would be to have her here.

Mother wishes me to write about my children. I wrote last spring very fully about them all, and if I had room I might again say much more.

We have a good school taught by Mr. Geiger, son of Deacon

Geiger, formerly of Angelica. He is an excellent young man and superior teacher—children all happy and learning fast. Brother Spalding's two eldest board here and go to school, and we are expecting three from Brother Walker's. We set the table for more than twenty every day three times, and it is a pleasing sight. Mr. G. serves the children. Mr. Rogers, the young man that taught last winter, is still with us studying for the ministry. He is a good young man and his Christian society affords me much comfort. He is an excellent singer and has taught the children to sing admirably. When they came here not one of them could make even a noise towards singing; now they constitute quite a heavy choir. None of them could read except the three eldest very poorly; now they are quite good scholars and are making good progress.

Six families of immigrants winter with us, and some young men. Three of them are at the saw-mill twenty miles from here. The children of the three families that remain here go to school; when they arrived here, several were quite sick; one woman remains so still, having been afflicted with the inflammation of the lungs.

Last Saturday, Marcus was called to attend a woman at the mill at the birth of a son. We find it quite agreeable to have neighbors to winter with us, but this may be the last, as a good southern route is now open into the head waters of the Willamette, and all will wish, probably, to go that way, as it will be much nearer and better.

I must tell mother of a luxury we enjoy very much, and one that has a tendency to make us very cheerful and happy. For me it has done much toward restoring my health to be so much better than it has been for several years. It is daily cold bathing. Our students and teachers go out every morning, winter and summer and jump into the river. Husband does it frequently, but not so regular, on account of his business. The children all delight in it. Both would be glad to, all winter, if we had conveniences. In the summer I go with them to the river, and now when it is warm enough, and when it is cold we take the tub in

the house. I know father would like to live here on that account, and he would enjoy it so much, too, as some of our folks do. The climate is so mild and exhilarating. Husband is doing all he can to induce friends to come. He has written to Father Hotchkiss inviting him, and requested him to copy and send the letter to father, and many others.

I see I must soon stop for the want of room. The children all send their love to their grandparents, and aunts and uncles; some of them will be able to write soon to some of you.

I have spoken of many things and subjects, but one still remains about which I should like to write, and that is the other half of self. I wish mother was more acquainted with him; he is all benevolence, has amazing energy of thought and action, nothing is too hard or impossible for him to do, that can be done. I often think he cannot last always; indeed, his strength is not what it used to be, although his health is quite good.

We try to do good to our neighbors that winter with us. I hold a prayer meeting with the females on Wednesday, which is precious to us. Thursday evening is the children's meeting, which I superintend, also. Saturday evening, Mr. Rogers has a Bible class, in which the children bring forth the text of Scripture they have selected on a given subject. Last week it was "Prayer"; the present week it is the "Sabbath." Besides this, the children commit a verse a day which is got in the morning as their first lesson to be recited in Sabbath school.

By this mother will see that both my hands and heart are usefully employed, not so much for the Indians directly, as my own family. When my health failed, I was obliged to withhold my efforts for the natives, but the Lord has since filled my hands with other labors, and I have no reason to complain; when I am not overburdened with work and care, I am happy and cheertul, but as I many times am straitened with more than I can do and no one to assist but my children, I become fretful and impatient. I am most happily provided for now. I have a good girl in the kitchen, and the old lady, which relieves me a great

deal; and Mr. Geiger is such a good governor and teacher, that the children give me little, if any, trouble as to that part. Of course I take the place of moderator out of school. We pay the girl one dollar and a half a week; the widow is a boarder, but does a great deal in keeping things straight in the kitchen; do not charge her for her board.

If this goes from the Islands to Panama and across the Isthmus, mother will receive it in a short time; if otherwise, it may be some time before it will reach home, if it ever does. I would be glad to speak of the Indians, but one sheet is too small to contain all. I would be glad to say to my dear parents, the Indians are kind and quiet and very much attached to us, none the less so for having so many children about us. Many that were on the stage when we came here, are dead and new ones have taken their places. And as husband has just written to our Board, he says he never has felt more contented and that he was usefully employed than for the last year and the present. May the Lord incline the hearts of my dear parents and friends to pray especially for us this winter that He would send His Spirit urging us that new souls may be born into His kingdom.

We send much love to all our relatives and friends.

Ever your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

Mrs. Clarissa Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

OREGON CITY, April 6, 1848.

To Stephen Prentiss, Esq., and Mrs. Prentiss, the Father and Mother of the late Mrs. Whitman of the Oregon Mission—My Dear Father and Mother in Christ:—Through the wonderful interposition of God in delivering me from the hand of the murderer, it has become my painful duty to apprise you of the death of your beloved daughter, Narcissa, and her worthy and appreciated hus-

band, your honored son-in-law, Dr. Whitman, both my own entirely devoted, ever faithful and eminently useful associates in the work of Christ. They were inhumanly butchered by their own, up to the last moment, beloved Indians, for whom their warm Christian hearts had prayed for eleven years, and their unwearied hands had administered to their every want in sickness and in distress, and had bestowed unnumbered blessings; who claimed to be, and were considered, in a high state of civilization and Christianity. Some of them were members of our church; others candidates for admission; some of them adherents of the Catholic church—all praying Indians. They were, doubtless, urged on to the dreadful deed by foreign influences, which we have felt coming in upon us like a devastating flood for the last three or four years; and we have begged the authors, with tears in our eyes, to desist, not so much on account of our own lives and property, but for the sake of those coming, and the safety of those already in the country. But the authors thought none would be injured but the hated missionaries—the devoted heretics, and the work of hell was urged on, and has ended, not only in the death of three missionaries, the ruin of our mission, but in a bloody war with the settlements, which may end in the massacre of every family.

God alone can save us. I must refer you to the *Herald* for my views as to the direct and remote causes which have conspired to bring about the terrible calamity. I cannot write all to every one, having a large family to care for; Mrs. Spalding is suffering from the dreadful exposure during the flight and since we have been this country—destitute of almost every thing, no dwelling place as yet, food and raiment to be found, many, many afflicted friends to be informed, my own soul bleeding from many wounds; my dear sister, Narcissa, with whom I have grown up as a child of the same family, with whom I have labored so long and so intimately in the work of teaching the Indians, and my beloved Dr. Whitman, with whom I have for so many years kneeled in praying, taking sweet counsel, have been murdered, and their bones scattered upon the plains—the labors and hopes of many years in an hour at an end, the house of the Lord, the mission

house, burned, and its walls demolished, the property of the Lord to the amount of thousands of dollars, in the hands of the robbers, a once large and happy family reduced to a few helpless children, made orphans a second time, to be separated and compelled to find homes among strangers; our fears for our dear brothers Walker and Eells of the most alarming character; our infant settlements involved in a bloody war with hostile Indians and on the brink of ruin—all, all, chill my blood and fetter my hands.

1847

The massacre took place on the fatal 29th of November last, commencing at half past one. Fourteen persons were murdered first and last. Nine men the first day. Five men escaped from the Station, three in a most wonderful manner, one of whom was the trembling writer, with whom I know you will unite in praising God for delivering even one. The names and places of the slain are as follows: The two precious names already given, my hand refuses to write them again. Mr. Rogers, young man, teacher of our Mission school in winter of '46; since then has been aiding us in our mission work and studying for the ministry, with a view to be ordained and join our Mission; John and Francis Sager, the two eldest of the orphan family, ages 17 and 15; Mr. Kimball of Laporte, Indiana, killed second day, left a widow and five children; Mr. Saunders of Oskaloosa, Iowa, left a widow and five children; Mr. Hall of Missouri, escaped to Fort Walla Walla, was refused protection, put over the Columbia river, killed by the Walla Wallas, left a widow and five children; Mr. Marsh of Missouri, left a son grown and young daughter; Mr. Hoffman of Elmira, New York; Mr. Gillan of Oskaloosa, Iowa; Mr. Sails of latter place; Mr. Bewley of Missouri. Two last dragged from sick beds eight days after the first massacre and butchered; Mr. Young, killed second day. Last five were unmarried men. Forty woman and children fell captives into the hands of the murderers, among them my own beloved daughter, Eliza, ten years old. Three of the captive children soon died, left without parental care, two of them your dear Narcissa's, once a widow woman's. The young women were dragged from the house by night and beastly treated. Three of them became wives

to the murderers. One, the daughter of Mrs. Kimball, became the wife of him who killed her father—often told her of it. One, Miss Bewley, was taken twenty miles to the Utilla and became the wife of Hezekiah,a principal chief and member of our church who, up till that time, had exhibited a good character. Eight days after the first butchery, the two families at the saw-mill,, twenty miles distant, were brought down and the men spared to do work for the Indians. This increased the number of the captives to forty-seven, after the three children died. In various ways they were cruelly treated and compelled to cook and work late and early for the Indians.

As soon as Mrs. Spalding heard of my probable death and the captivity of Eliza, she sent two Indians (Nez Perces) to effect her deliverance, if possible. The murderers refused to give her up until they knew whether I was alive, as I had escaped their hands, and whether the Americans would come up to avenge the death of their countrymen. Should the Americans show themselves, every woman and child should be butchered. The two sick men had just been beaten and cut to pieces before the eyes of the helpless children and women, their blood spilled upon the floor, and their mangled bodies lay at the door for forty-eight hours, over which the captives were compelled to pass for wood and water.

Eliza says when she heard the heavy blows and heard dying groans, she stopped her ears. Such was and such had been for several days the situation of Eliza, when the two Nez Perces, particular friends to our children, told Eliza they must return without her. The murderers would not give her up. She had given up her father as dead, but her mother was alive and up to this hour she hoped to reach her bosom, but now this hope went out, and she began to pine. Besides, she was the only one left who understood the language, and was called up at all hours of the night and kept out for hours in the cold and wet, with almost no clothing left by the hand of the robbers, to interpret for whites and Indians, till she was not able to stand upon her feet, and then they beset her lying upon the floor—bed she had none—till her voice failed from weakness.

I had reached home before the Indians who went for her returned, and shared with my wife the anguish of seeing the Indians return without our child. Had she been dead, we could have given her up; but to have a living child a captive in the hands of Indians whose hands were stained with the blood of our slain friends, and not able to deliver her, was the sharpest dagger that ever entered my soul. Suffice it to say, we found our daughter at Fort Walla Walla with the ransomed captives, too weak to stand, a mere skeleton, her mind as much injured as her health. Through the astonishing goodness of God she has regained her health and strength, and her mind has resumed its usual tone.

The captives were delivered by the prompt interposition and judicious management of Mr. Odgen, Chief Factor of the H. H. B. Co., to whom too much praise cannot be awarded. He arrived at Walla Walla Dec. 12th. In about two weeks he succeeded in ransoming all the captives for blankets, shirts, guns, ammunition, tobacco, to the amount of some five hundred dollars. They were brought into the fort on Dec. 30th. Myself and those with me arrived on the first of January. Oh, what a meeting—remnants of once large and happy families; but our tears of grief were mingled with tears of joy. We had not dared to hope that deliverance could come so soon and so complete.

For some time previous to the massacre the measles, followed by the dysentery, had been raging in the country. The families at Waiilatpu had been great sufferers. I arrived at Waiilatpu the 22nd of November; eight days before the dreadful deed. All the doctor's family had been sick, but were recovering; three of the children were yet dangerously sick; besides Mr. Osborn, with his sick family, were in the same house. Mrs. Osborn and three children were dangerous; one of their children died during the week. A young man, Mr. Bewley, was also very sick. The doctor's hands were more than full among the Indians; three and sometimes five died in a day. Dear sister Whitman seemed ready to sink under the immense weight of labor and care. But like an angel of mercy, she continued to administer with her ever-ready hand to the wants of all. Late and early, night and day, she was by

the bed of the sick, the dying, and the afflicted. During the week, I enjoyed several precious seasons with her. She was the same devoted servant of the Lord she was when we enjoyed like precious seasons in our beloved Prattsburg many years ago, ready to live or die for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Saturday the Indians from the Utilla, sent for the doctor to visit their sick. He wished me to accompany him. We started late, rode in a heavy rain through the night, arrived in the morning. The doctor attended upon the sick, and returned on the Sabbath on account of the dangerous sickness in his family. I remained till Wednesday. Monday morning the doctor assisted in burying an Indian; returned to the house and was reading--several Indians, as usual were in the house; one sat down by him to attract his attention by asking for medicine; another came behind him with tomahawk concealed under his blanket and with two blows in the back of the head, brought him to the floor senseless, probably, but not lifeless; soon after Telaukaikt, a candidate for admission in our church, and who was receiving unnumbered favors every day from brother and sister Whitman, came in and took particular pains to cut and beat his face and cut his throat; but he still lingered till near night. As soon as the firing commenced at the different places, Mrs. Hayes ran in and assisted sister Whitman in taking the doctor from the kitchen to the sitting-room and placed him upon the settee. This was before his face was cut. His dear wife bent over him and mingled her flowing tears with his precious blood. It was all she could do. They were her last tears. To whatever she said, he would reply "no" in a whisper, probably not sensible. John Sager was sitting by the doctor when he received the first blow, drew his pistol, but his arm was seized, the room filling with Indians, and his head was cut to pieces. He lingered till near night. Mr. Rogers, attacked at the water, escaped with a broken arm and wound in the head, and rushing into the house, shut the door. The Indians seemed to have left the house now to assist in murdering others. Mr. Kimball, with a broken arm rushed in; both secreted themselves upstairs. Sister Whitman in anguish, now bending over her dying husband and now over the sick; now comforting the flying, scream-

ing children, was passing by the window, when she received the first shot in her right breast, and fell to the floor. She immediately arose and kneeled by the settee on which lay her bleeding husband, and in humble prayer commended her soul to God and prayed for her dear children who were about to be made a second time orphans and to fall into the hands of her direct murderers. I am certain she prayed for her murderers, too. She now went into the chamber with Mrs. Hayes, Miss Bewley, Catharine, and the sick children. They remained till near night. In the meantime the doors and windows were broken in and the Indians entered and commenced plundering, but they feared to go into the chamber. They called for sister Whitman and brother Rogers to come down and promised they should not be hurt. This promise was often repeated, and they came down. Your dear Narcissa, faint with the loss of blood, was carried on a settee to the door by brother Rogers and Miss Bewley. Every corner of the room was crowded with Indians having their guns ready to fire. The children had been brought down and huddled together to be shot. Eliza was one. Here they had stood for a long time surrounded by guns pointing at their breasts. She often heard the cry "Shall we shoot?" and her blood became cold, she says, and she fell upon the floor. But now the order was given, "Do not shoot the children," as the settee passed through the children over the bleeding, dying body of John. Fatal moment! The settee advanced about its length from the door, when the guns were discharged from without and within, the powder actually burning the faces of the children. Brother Rogers raised his hand and cried, "my God," and fell upon his face, pierced with many balls. But he fell not alone. An equal number of the deadly weapons were leveled at the settee and, oh! that this discharge had been deadlly. But oh! Father of Mercy, so it seemed good in thy sight. She groaned, she lingered. The settee was rudely upset.—Oh, what have I done? Can the aged mother read and live? Think of Jesus in the hands of the cruel Jews. I thought to withhold the worst facts, but then they would go to you from other sources, and the uncertainty would be worse than the reality. Pardon me, if I have erred.

Francis at the same time was dragged from the children and

shot; all three now lay upon the ground, groaning, struggling, dying. As they groaned, the Indians beat them with their whips and clubs, and tried to force their horses over them. Darkness dispersed the Indians, but the groans of the dying continued till in night. Brother Rogers seemed to linger the longest. A short time before Mr. Osborn and family left the hiding place, he was heard to say in a faint voice, "Lord Jesus, come quickly," and all was silent. The next morning they were seen to be dead, by the children. But what a sight for those dear lambs—made a second time fatherless, motherless; and my dear Eliza stood with them, but she covered her face with her hands—she says she could not look upon her dear Mrs. Whitman, always like a mother to her. The dead bodies were not allowed to be removed till Wednesday morning, when they were gathered together. Eliza and some of the other girls sewed sheets around them, a large pit was dug by a Frenchman and some friendly Indians, and they were buried together, but so slightly that when the army arrived at the station, they found that the wolves had dug them all up, eaten their flesh, and scattered their bones upon the plains. "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled The bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them. Help us, O God of our Salvation, for the Glory of thy name."

Some hair from the sacred head of your dearest daughter was found by the army, I believe rolled in a piece of paper, doubtless cut and put away by her own hand some two years ago. A lock was obtained by Dr. Wilcox of East Bloomfield, New York, which was handed to me the other day. With great satisfaction I send it to her deeply afflicted father and mother. Precious relic!

And now, shall I attempt to sooth your bleeding hearts? It would be like one drowning man stretching out his hand to hold up another. I, myself, am in the deepest waters of affliction. My dear brother and sister Whitman no more; their mission house demolished; myself and family driven from our first

own home, and the little church which we had been gathered around; our brothers, Walker and Eells, perhaps, slain and their wives and children captives in the hands of the murderers. "But why art thou disquieted, oh my soul?" "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." "This world is poor from shore to shore." There is no place like heaven, and it has seemed doubly precious since the day my dear associates ended their toils, and left this world of blood and sin to enter upon the unending song of Moses and the Lamb. I know where you will go, my honored father and mother in Christ, when you have read this letter, you will go to the Mercy Seat, and there you will find balm for your deeply wounded souls, for you know how to ask for it. And when there, you will not forget the scattered sheep and the trembling lambs of our broken mission.

At the time of the massacre, Perrin Whitman, nephew of Dr. Whitman, was at The Dalles in the family of Mr. Hinman, whom we had employed to occupy the station which had been lately transferred to our mission by the Methodist mission. On hearing of the bloody tragedy, they left the station and came to the Wallamette. He is here. The little half-breed Spanish boy by the name of David Malin was retained at Walla Walla. I fear he will fall into the hands of the priests who remain in the country. Catherine, Elizabeth, Matilda, Henrietta and Mary Ann, we brought with us to this place; Mary Ann has since died. For the other four we have obtained good places and they seem satisfied and happy. Catharine is in the family of the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Superintendent of the Methodist mission.

Three Papists, one an Indian formerly from Canada and late from the state of Maine, had been in the employ of the doctor a few weeks; one a half breed with Cayuse wife, and one a Canadian who had been in the employ of the doctor for more than a year, seemed to have aided in the massacre, and probably secured most of the money, watches and valuable property. The Canadian came down with the captives, was arrested, brought before a justice, bound over for trial at next court charged with having aided in the murders. The night before he was arrested, he secreted in the

ground and between the boards of a house considerable of Mr. Hoffman's money and a watch of one of the widows. The Canadian Indian, Jo Lewis, shot Francis with his own hand and was the first to commence breaking the windows and doors; is now with the hostile Indians. The half-breed named Finley was camped near the station, and in his lodge the murderers held their councils before and during the massacre. He was at the head of the Cayuses at the battle near the Utilla; managed by pretended friendship, to attract the attention of our officers, while his warriors, unobserved, surrounded our army. As soon as they had gained their desired position, he wheeled and fired his gun, as the signal for the Indians to commence. Although they had the advantage of the ground, far superior in number, and the first fire, they were completely defeated, driven from the field and finally from their possession of the country, and expect to fortify at the mission station at Waiilatpu. The Cayuses have removed their families and their stock over Snake river into the Palouse country in the direction of brothers Walker and Eells. Our army came upon them at Snake river as they about were to cross. About 1,500 head of cattle and the whole Cayuse camp were completely in their hands. But here our officers were again for the third and fourth time outwitted by some Indians riding up to them and pretending friendship, saying that some of their own cattle were in the band, and begged time to separate them. Our commander having received orders not to involve the innocent with the guilty, gave them till morning. It is said his men actually wept at the terrible mistake. Next morning, as might be expected, most of the cattle and nearly all the Cayuse property had been crossed over and were safe. Our army started away with some 500 head. The Indians, with the pretended friendly ones at the head, fought all day. At night, being double the number of the whites, the Indians retook their cattle. The whites were obliged to retreat to the station. The Indians continued to fight them through the night and the next day. The third day the officers reached the station, none killed, but seven wounded, one badly, six of the Indians killed and some thirty wounded. The commander and half of the army immediately started for this country for provis-

ions, ammunition and more men. If the few left are not soon reinforced and supplied, they will be in danger of being cut off, and the Indians will be down on the settlements. The commander was accidentally killed on his way down.

The Lord has transferred us from one field of labor to another. Through the kindness of Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Smith and others, we have been brought to this place, "Tualatin Plains." Mrs. Spalding has a large school, and I am to preach, God assisting, at three stations through the summer.

As I cannot write to all, I wish this letter printed and copies of the papers sent to Rev. David Greene, Mission House, Boston, Mass.; Dudley Allen, M. D., Kinsman, Trumbull Co., Ohio; Rev. C. F. Scoville, Holland Patent, Oneida Co., New York.; Calvin C. Stowe, Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Seth Paine, Troy, Bradford Co., Penn.; Mr. G. W. Hoffman, Elmira, Chemung Co., New York; Hon. Stratton H. Wheeler, Wheeler, Steuben Co., New York, and Christian Observer, Phildelphia, Penn.

Yours in the deep waters of affliction,

H. H. SPALDING.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss, Esq.,
West Almond,
Allegheny Co., New York.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS

[The following letters of Mrs. Whitman, with an occasional one from her husband, were secured after those preceding were arranged for printing. This statement is made to show why there is a break in the chronological arrangement.—GEO. H. HIMES, SECRETARY.]

PLATTE RIVER, JUST ABOVE THE FORKS,
June 3d, 1836.

Dear Sister Harriet and Brother Edward:—Friday eve, six o'clock. We have just encamped for the night near the bluffs over against the river. The bottoms are a soft, wet plain, and we were obliged to leave the river yesterday for the bluffs. The face of the country yesterday afternoon and today has been rolling sand bluffs, mostly barren, quite unlike what our eyes have been satiated with for weeks past. No timber nearer than the Platte, and the water tonight is very bad—got from a small ravine. We have usually had good water previous to this.

Our fuel for cooking since we left timber (no timber except on rivers) has been dried buffalo dung; we now find plenty of it and it answers a very good purpose, similar to the kind of coal used in Pennsylvania (I suppose now Harriet will make up a face at this, but if she was here she would be glad to have her supper cooked at any rate in this scarce timber country). The present time in our journey is a very important one. The hunter brought us buffalo meat yesterday for the first time. Buffalo were seen today but none have been taken. We have some for supper tonight. Husband is cooking it—no one of the company professes the art but himself. I expect it will be very good. Stop—I have so much to say to the children that I do not know in what part of my story to begin. I have very little time to write. I will first tell you

what our company consists of. We are ten in number; five missionaries, three Indian boys and two young men employed to assist in packing animals.

Saturday, 4th. Good morning, H. and E. I wrote last night till supper; after that it was so dark I could not see. I told you how many bipeds there was in our company last night; now for the quadrupeds: Fourteen horses, six mules and fifteen head of cattle. We milk four cows. We started with seventeen, but we have killed one calf, and the Fur Company, being out of provision, have taken one of our cows for beef. It is usually pinching times with the Company before they reach the buffalo. We have had a plenty because we made ample provision at Liberty. We purchased a barrel of flour and baked enough to last us, with killing a calf or two, until we reached the buffalo.

The Fur Company is large this year; we are really a moving village—nearly 400 animals, with ours, mostly mules, and 70 men. The Fur Company have seven wagons drawn by six mules each, heavily loaded, and one cart drawn by two mules, which carries a lame man, one of the proprietors of the Company. We have two wagons in our company. Mr. and Mrs. S., husband and myself ride in one, Mr. Gray and the baggage in the other. Our Indian boys drive the cows and Dulin the horses. Young Miles leads our forward horses, four in each team. Now E., if you want to see the camp in motion, look away ahead and see first the pilot and the captain, Fitzpatrick, just before him; next the pack animals, all mules, loaded with great packs; soon after you will see the wagons, and in the rear, our company. We all cover quite a space. The pack mules always string along one after the other just like Indians.

There are several gentlemen in the company who are going over the mountains for pleasure. Capt. Stewart (Mr. Lee speaks of him in his journal—he went over when he did and returned) he is an Englishman and Mr. Celam. We had a few of them to tea with us last Monday evening, Capts. Fitzpatrick, Stewart, Major Harris and Celam.

I wish I could describe to you how we live so that you can realize it. Our manner of living is far preferable to any in the States. I never was so contented and happy before, neither have I enjoyed such health for years. In the morning as soon as the day breaks the first that we hear is the words, "Arise! Arise!"—then the mules set up such a noise as you never heard, which puts the whole camp in motion. We encamp in a large ring, baggage and men, tents and wagons on the outside, and all the animals except the cows, which are fastened to pickets, within the circle. This arrangement is to accommodate the guard, who stand regularly every night and day, also when we are in motion, to protect our animals from the approach of Indians, who would steal them. As I said, the mules' noise brings every man on his feet to loose them and turn them out to feed.

Now, H. and E., you must think it very hard to have to get up so early after sleeping on the soft ground, when you find it hard work to open your eyes at seven o'clock. Just think of me —every morning at the word, "Arise!" we all spring. While the horses are feeding we get breakfast in a hurry and eat it. By this time the words, "Catch up! Catch up," ring through the camp for moving. We are ready to start usually at six, travel till eleven, encamp, rest and feed, and start again about two; travel until six, or before, if we come to a good tavern, then encamp for the night.

Since we have been in the prairie we have done all our cooking. When we left Liberty we expected to take bread to last us part of the way, but could not get enough to carry us any distance. We found it awkward work to bake out of doors at first, but we have become so accustomed to it now we do it very easily.

Tell mother I am a very good housekeeper on the prairie. I wish she could just take a peep at us while we are sitting at our meals. Our table is the ground, our table-cloth is an India-rubber cloth used when it rains as a cloak; our dishes are made of tin—basins for teacups, iron spoons and plates, each of us, and several pans for milk and to put our meat in when we wish to set it on

the table. Each one carries his own knife in his scabbard, and it is always ready for use. When the table things are spread, after making our own forks of sticks and helping ourselves to chairs, we gather around the table. Husband always provides my seat, and in a way that you would laugh to see. It is the fashion of all this country to imitate the Turks. Messrs. Dunbar and Allis have supped with us, and they do the same. We take a blanket and lay down by the table, and those whose joints will let them follow the fashion; others take out some of the baggage (I suppose you know that there is no stones in this country; not a stone have I seen of any size on the prairie). For my part I fix myself as gracefully as I can, sometimes on a blanket, sometimes on a box, just as it is convenient. Let me assure you of this, we relish our food none the less for sitting on the ground while eating. We have tea and a plenty of milk, which is a luxury in this country. Our milk has assisted us very much in making our bread since we have been journeying. While the Fur Company has felt the want of food, our milk has been of great service to us; but it was considerable work for us to supply ten persons with bread three times a day. We are done using it now. What little flour we have left we shall preserve for thickening our broth, which is excellent. I never saw any thing like buffalo meat to satisfy hunger. We do not want any thing else with it. I have eaten three meals of it and it relishes well. Supper and breakfast we eat in our tent. We do not pitch it at noon. Have worship immediately after supper and breakfast.

Noon.—The face of the country today has been like that of yesterday. We are now about 30 miles above the forks, and leaving the bluffs for the river. We have seen wonders this forenoon. Herds of buffalo hove in sight ; one, a bull, crossed our trail and ran upon the bluffs near the rear of the camp. We took the trouble to chase him so as to have a near view. Sister Spalding and myself got out of the wagon and ran upon the bluff to see him. This band was quite willing to gratify our curiosity, seeing it was the first. Several have been killed this forenoon. The Company keep a man out all the time to hunt for the camp.

Edward, if I write much more in this way I do not know as you can read it without great difficulty. I could tell you much more, but as we are all ready to move again, so farewell for the present. I wish you were all here with us going to the dear Indians. I have become very much attached to Richard Sak-ah-too-ah. 'T is the one you saw at our wedding; he calls me mother; I love to teach him—to take care of him, and hear them talk. There are five Nez Perces in the company, and when they are together they chatter finely. Samuel Temoni, the oldest one, has just come into the camp with the skin and some of the meat of a buffalo which he has killed himself. He started this forenoon of his own accord. It is what they like dearly, to hunt buffalo. So long as we have him with us we shall be supplied with meat.

I am now writing backwards. Monday morning.—I begun to say something here that I could not finish. Now the man from the mountains has come who will take this to the office. I have commenced one to sister Hull which I should like to send this time if I could finish it. We have just met him and we have stopped our wagons to write a little. Give my love to all. I have not told you half I want to. We are all in health this morning and making rapid progress in our journey. By the 4th of July our captain intends to be at the place where Mr. Parker and husband parted last fall. We are a month earlier passing here than they were last spring. Husband has begun a letter to pa and ma, and since he has cut his finger so it troubles him to write to the rest. As this is done in a hurry I don't know as you can read it. Tell mother that if I had looked the world over I could not have found one more careful and better qualified to transport a female such a distance. Husband says, "stop."

Farewell to all.

NARCISSA PRENTISS.

On Platte River, 30 Miles above the Forks,
June 4th, 1836.

Dear Father and Mother Prentiss:—You will be anxious to hear from us at this distance and learn our situation and progress. We have been greatly blest thus far on our journey. We have had various trials, it is true, but they have mostly been overruled for our good. Narcissa's health is much improved from what it was when she left N. Y. We failed of going from Liberty to Bellevue as was expected in the Fur Co's. steamboat. We were waiting at Liberty for the boat for some time and thought we would go on with our cattle, horses and wagons, and let Mr. Allis from the Pawnee agency stay with the ladies and go on the boat. Accordingly Messrs. Spalding and Gray went on and I was to join them at Cantonment Leavenworth. In the meantime Mrs. Satterlee died and the boat passed but refused to stop for us. Mr. Spalding wrote me he would wait eight miles the other side of the garrison until I came up, so that when the boat passed I did not send an express as I otherwise should have done, but proceeded to hire a team to take us on; but when we arrived at the garrison he had crossed the river and gone directly on for Bellevue and had been gone for three days, which caused me to have to send an express for him, which did not overtake him until they were within forty miles of the Platte. I followed with the women and baggage, with a hired team. We met our teams the fourth day on their return. From that on we were greatly favored with fair weather, never having to encounter any rainstorm or serious shower. We have not been once wet even to this time, and we are now beyond where the rains fall much in summer.

We had several days delay from my going ahead to see Maj. Dougherty's brother, who was very sick and sent for me when he learned I was coming. It was Sabbath and we were within 18 miles of the Otto Agency, which is on the Platte, where Mr. Dougherty lives. On Monday I sent the man who came for me after the party, and I went to see Fitzpatrick, the leader of the Fur caravan, with whom we were to travel. I found him encamped

ready for a start on Thursday morning, about 25 miles from the Otto Agency. When I returned our party had not arrived and did not come in until Wednesday, the man who was to pilot them having lost his way.

We had great difficulty in crossing the Platte which, together with repairs to our wagons, detained us until Saturday noon, May 21st, and he (Fitzpatrick) had been gone from Sunday. We felt much doubt about overtaking them, but we pushed on, and after ferrying the Horn in a skin boat and making a very difficult ford of the Loup, we overtook the Company at a few miles below the Pawnee villages on Wednesday evening, We then felt that we had been signally blessed, thanked God and took courage. We felt it had been of great service to us that we had been disappointed in these several particulars, particularly as it tested the ability of our ladies to journey in this way. We have since made good progress every day, and are now every way well situated, having plenty of good buffalo meat and the cordial co-operation of the company with whom we are journeying.

June 6th.—We have just met the men by whom we can send letters and have to close without farther particulars or ceremony.

With Christian regards to your family, farewell.

Yours affectionately,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

WIELETPOO, July 4th, 1838.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—Your letter was handed me on the 8th inst., a little after noon, and I must say I was a little surprised to receive a return so soon. Surely, we are near each other. You will be likely to have known opportunities of sending to us, more frequently than I shall your way, which I hope you will not neglect because you have not received the answer to yours. I do not intend to be so long again in replying as I have this time.

When I received yours, I was entirely alone. My husband had gone to brother Spalding's to assist him in putting up a house, and soon after, we had the privilege of preparing and entertaining Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and family of Colville. They came by the way of brother Spalding's, spent nearly a week with them and then came here. They left here last Thursday, and are still at Walla Walla. Had a very pleasant, agreeable visit with them. Find Mrs. McDonald quite an intelligent woman; speaks English very well, reads and is the principal instructor of their children. She is a correspondent, also, with myself and sister Spalding. She appears more thoughtful upon the subject of religion than any I have met with before, and has some consistent views. What her experimental knowledge is, I am unable to say. It would be a privilege to have her situated near us, so that we could have frequent intercourse; it would, no doubt be profitable.

You ask after my plan of proceedings with the Indians, etc. I wish I was able to give you satisfactory answers. I have no plan separate from my husband's, and besides you are mistaken about the language being at command, for nothing is more difficult than for me to attempt to convey religious truth in their language, especially when there are so few, or no terms expressive of the meaning. Husband succeeds much better than I, and we have good reason to feel that so far as understood, the truth affects the heart, and not a little, too. We have done nothing for the females separately; indeed, our house is so small, and only one room to admit them, and that is the kitchen. It is the men only that frequent our house much. Doubtless you have been with the Indians long enough to discover this feature, that women are not allowed the same privileges with the men. I scarcely see them except on the Sabbath in our assemblies. I have frequently desired to have more intercourse with them, and am waiting to have a room built for them and other purposes of instruction. Our principal effort is with the children now, and we find many very interesting ones. But more of this in future when I have more time.

Mr. Pamburn has sent a horse for me to ride to his place to-

morrow. Mrs. Pambrun has been out of health for some time, and we have fears that she will not recover. As I have considerable preparations to make for the visit, must defer writing more at present. In haste, I subscribe myself,

Your affectionate sister in Christ,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—I long to hear from Mrs. Lee.

WALLA WALLA, 11th.

My Dear Sister:—I am still here. The brigade arrived yesterday and having time and opportunity to send home for this letter, both are sent by the return boats. We have just received three or four letters from our friends at home, they being the first news received since we bade them farewell. Find it good to know what is going on there, although all is not of a pleasing character. Our Sandwich Island friends give us pleasing intelligence of the glorious display of the power of God in converting that heathen people in such multitudes.

Ever yours,

N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,
Wascopum,
La Dalls.

WIELETPOO, Nov. 5th, 1838.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—I did not think when I received your good long letter that I should have delayed until this time before answering it. But so varied are the scenes that have passed before me, so much company and so many cares, etc., besides writing many letters home, that I beg you will excuse me. Notwithstanding all this, I have often, very often, thought of you and wished for the privilege of seeing you. I must confess I do not like quite so well to think of you where you now are as when

you were nearer. Why did you go? Some of our sisters here might just as well as not have spent a short season with you this fall (for they have nothing else to do, conparatively speaking) rather than to have you and your dear husband lose so much time from your interesting field of labour; and besides we fear the influence of the climate of the lower country upon your health. Our prayer is that the Lord will deal gently with you and bless and preserve you to be a rich and lasting good to the benighted ones for whom you have devoted your life.

How changed the scene now with us at Wieletpoo from what it has been in former days. Instead of husband and myself stalking about here like two solitary beings, we have the society of six of our brethren and sisters who eat at our table and expect to spend the winter with us. This is a privilege we highly praise, especially when we come to mingle our voices in prayer and praise together before the mercy seat, and hear the word of God preached in our own language from Sabbath to Sabbath, and to commune together around the table of our dear Son and Saviour Jesus Christ. Those favours, dear sister, almost make us forget we are on heathen ground. Since I last wrote you we have enjoyed refreshing seasons from the hand of our Heavenly Father in the conviction and conversion of two or three individuals in our family. Doubtless Brother Lee has given you the particulars, yet I wish to speak of it for our encouragement who have been engaged in the concert of prayer on Tuesday evening for the year past. I verily believe we have not prayed in vain, for our revival seasons have been on that evening, and I seem to feel, too, that the whole atmosphere in all Oregon, is effected by that meeting, for the wicked know far and near, that there are those here who pray. We have every reason to be assured tha' were there more faith and prayer and consecration to the work among ourselves, we should witness in the heathen around us many turning to the Lord. If I know my own heart I think I, too, desire to be freed from so many worldly cares and perplexities, and that my time may be spent in seeking the immediate conversion of these dear heathen to God. O, what a thought to think of meeting

them among the blood-washed throng around the throne of God! Will not their songs be as sweet as any we can sing? What joy will then fill our souls to contemplate the privilege we now enjoy of spending and being spent for their good. If we were constantly to keep our eyes on the scenes that are before us, we should scarcely grow weary in well doing, or be disheartened by the few trials and privations through which we are called to pass.

Dear sister, I have written in great haste and hope you will excuse me. Wishing and expecting to hear from you soon, of your prosperity and happiness, with much love and sisterly affection to you and yours, believe me,

Ever yours in the best of bonds,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,

Wallamette.

WIELETPOO, Feb. 18th, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—I received your letter last week, although written in Dec. We had some time ago the pleasure of reading of your husband's visit to the Willamette, in an acccount which he gives the particulars relative to the protracted meeting there. Be assured we rejoiced with you and angels in heaven at such a glorious display of the power of our God, and stretch out our hearts to desire a like blessing upon ourselves and our heathen neighbors.

I am much interested in the people at Vancouver, and am pleased to hear of the ladies' improvement, and earnestly hope the good work may extend to that place also, and that your detention there may result in great good to many souls.

The Lord will take care of those Roman priests there. It is doubtless for some wise purpose he has permitted them to enter this country. May we be wise and on the alert, and show ourselves as true, faithful, energetic in our Master's work as they do, and we shall have no cause to fear, for there are more for us than against us. I trust it has had some influence upon us, their presence in this country; at least we feel it our duty to use every possible effort to obtain the language of the people, and not having as good an opportunity amid the cares of our family as we could wish, we, husband, self and little Alice, left our dwelling and went about sixty-five miles to a camp of Indians, in January, and was gone nearly three weeks, and received much benefit. Previous to this, husband had been over to Brother S.'s to attend a protracted meeting, held at the same time with yours at the W. And now we are on the eve of another departure. We expect to-morrow morn to start on a visit to Brother S.'s to attend a meeting of the mission, and also another protracted meeting with the Indians, when it is expected that nearly all the Nez Perces will be present. We feel deeply anxious for our people, and it seems sometimes as if the blessing was almost within reach for them, but it is withheld, and doubtless because the Lord sees that we are not prepared to receive it. O, for that deep humility, strong faith, repentance and union of soul in prayer which was the secret of success in your meeting, and which characterizes every revival of religion. But I must be excused from writing more at this time. Shall want to hear from you just as soon as you shall have arrived home. Should judge from sister Walker's letter from you that the dear little babe, Henry Johnson, had got considerable hold of its mother's affections already. Precious trust, that, dear sister—an immortal mind to rear for Eternity. The Lord bless you and give you grace and wisdom to train that child for His glory, both in this world and hereafter, and make you feel continually that, what ever you do for him, you do it as belonging to the Lord, as given to Him and only a lent blessing to you, to train up for Him. But more of this another time.

With kind regards to your husband and Brother Lee, who we hope is again cheered with the society of his fellow associates by this time, and a kiss for the little one,

I am your affectionate sister,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—Mrs. W. will tell you her story herself as she has more time than I at present.

N. W.

Rev. Mrs. Perkins,

Wascopum.

Care of

Lieut. P. C. Pambrun,

Fort Walla Walla.

WIELETPOO, March 23, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—Yours of the 8th inst. I received the evening of my return to this place from Clearwater. It had been waiting me but a day or two, I believe. I am happy to hear that you are once more so near us again. I received a hint from Sister White in her last letter that yourself and husband were on the way, or soon would be, to pay us a visit. I fear my last letter informing you of my absence has discouraged your coming. Had I received the least intimation that it were possible for you to visit us while our sisters were all here, I would have been at home without fail. The open winter and spring has made it more favourable for them to leave for the upper station much earlier than was expected. They left the first of March just before I returned. We met them, however, on the Palouse, after they had been out five days. All was well; the babe was enduring the journey as well as could be expected. I hope you will still think of coming this season. We shall be happy to see you.

I visited Mrs. Pambrun on Monday of this week—found her

in much better health than I once feared she ever would be again. She certainly talks English very well. I found myself able to obtain all the information concerning Vancouver I could wish. Maria has been with me a short time, and for her sake I would have been happy to have had her remain longer; but she could not be persuaded to stay from her mother any longer. We have a daughter of Mr. McKay's with us now—for little more than a year. She improves very much and promises to make a valuable person if she can be kept long enough.

You wished me to write something about my little girl. I do not know what to tell you than to say she is a large, healthy and strong child, two years old the 14th of this month. She talks both Nez Perces and English quite fluently, and is much inclined to read her book with the children of the family, and sings all our Nez Perces hymns and several in English. Her name is Alice Clarissa. You dreamed of seeing her, you say. I hope it will be a reality soon, for I am very anxious to see young Henry Johnson, too. I am glad he learns to bear the yoke so well, not in his youth, but in his infancy. Exposures in journeyings in this country appear to be a benefit rather than an injury to our children. I have taken several with Alice, and they have generally been in the winter. When she was nine months old we went to Brother Spalding's to attend upon our sister at the birth of their child. It was in November, and we returned in December by way of Snake river, in a canoe. It was a tedious voyage, but we neither of us received any injury.

We intend to be very free from worldly cares this season, and apply ourselves entirely to the missionary work of studying the language and teaching. After our successful trial of last winter's encamping with the Indians husband feels that he has no excuse for not taking me again and again, and I can make no objection, notwithstanding it would be far easier for me to stay at home with my child, and perhaps better for her; but the roving habits of the Indians make it necessary for us either to do so, or else spend the greater part of our time alone, during their absence from the Station. Husband is appointed to commence an out-sta-

tion on the Snake river at the mouth of the Tukanon, and besides spending some time there during the fishing season, we intend to go to Grand Round with the Kayuses.

Brother and Sister Smith will probably go somewhere in the heart of the Nez Perce country, beyond Brother Spalding's, in order to commence translating the Scriptures immediately. We find work enough to do for all hands, and our daily prayer is that God will pour out His spirit on these benighted minds and turn their darkness into light, and make them His.

I hope you will continue to write often and freely. I do not see how you get along and learn so many languages. What is the particular benefit? We hear many spoken, but we intend to learn only one, and make that the general one for the country. We are all enjoying good health. Received a letter from Sister Spalding saying that Sister Gray was happily the mother of a little son—had a remarkably short and easy sickness and is doing well. The *babe weighed nine pounds.

Please give my kind regards to your husband and Brother Lee. Hope he finds the monotony of Wascopam much changed by the return of its former occupants, particularly when there is such a pleasing addition.

Yours in love,

N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. Perkins,
Wascopam.

WIELETPOO, WALLA WALLA RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 17th, 1839.

My Dear Jane:—This is a late hour for me to commence my home correspondence. Yesterday Mr. Ermatinger, who commands the expedition instead of Mr. McLeod and McKay, left here, after spending a night with us, for the mountains. We have

*Capt. J. H. D. Gray, of Astoria.

felt much uncertainty about letters sent this way reaching you, this year. There is some doubt in Mr. E.'s mind about his being able to go as far as the American Rendevous; if he does not, there probably will be no one to take them and bear them on, and it must be a known hand, too, for it is not safe to trust letters to those reckless beings who inhabit the Rocky Mountains. Besides this reason, we have been so much on the wing since the first day of January, that it has not been easy to write. If you have received my fall letters, they will show you where and how we were situated for the winter. In December, just three months after the arrival of the re-enforcement, Mrs. Walker gave birth to a fine son, here in our house. Mr. Smith had but just removed into the new house built last fall and winter after my husband's return from Vancouver. She did not recover without three relapses; suffered much from sore breasts and nipples, and what to me would be the greatest affliction, no nipples at all. Her poor babe had to depend upon a foreign native nurse or milk from the cows.

Mrs. Gray had a son born in March, the twentieth—recovered in a short time.

I said to you that we had been on the wing. January the first day, husband started to go to Brother Spalding's to attend a protracted meeting; after the close, and on his return, he formed a plan of going and living with the Indians for the benefit of having free access to the language and to be free from care and company. He had no difficulty to persuade me to accompany him, for I was nearly exhausted, both in body and mind, in the labour and care of our numerous family. Accordingly we left home on the 23rd of January. It was about fifty miles from our place; we arrived on the third day; had a pleasant journey and quite warm for the season of the year; we slept in a tent and made a fire before the mouth of it. We had not been there but two or three days before it became very cold and snowed some. This with the smoke made Alice cry some, and we were obliged to put up a lodge around the fire at the mouth of the tent to prevent the smoke from troubling us. While there I attempted to write you about

us, but was soon obliged to give it up. I will make one extract from what I did write :

"Sab. at Tukanon, Jan. 27, 1839.—This has been a day of peculiar interest here. Could you have been an eye witness of the scenes you would, as I do, have rejoiced in being thus privileged. The morning worship at daybreak I did not attend. At midday I was present. Husband talked to them of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus; all listened with eager attention. After prayer and singing, an opportunity was given for those who had heavy hearts under a sense of sin, and only those, to speak if they wished it. For a few moments all sat in silence; soon a prominent and intelligent man named Timothy broke the silence with sobs weeping. He arose, spoke of his great wickedness, and how very black his heart was; how weak and insufficient he was of himself to effect his own salvation; that his only dependence was in the blood of Christ to make him clean and save his soul from sin and hell. He was followed by a brother, who spoke much to the same effect. Next came the wives of the first and of the second, who seemed to manifest deep feelings. Several others followed; one in particular, while confessing her sins, her tears fell to the ground so copiously that I was reminded of the weeping "Mary who washed her Saviour's feet with her tears." All manifested much deep feeling; some in loud sobs and tears; others in anxious and solemn countenance. You can better imagine my feelings than I can describe them on witnessing such a scene in heathen lands. They had but recently come from the meeting at Brother Spalding's. We know not their hearts or motives of action, but our sincere prayer is that they all may be gathered to His fold as the children of His flock.

"O, my dear Jane, could you see us here this beautiful eve, the full moon shining in all her splendor, clear, yet freezing cold, my little one sleeping by my side, husband at worship with the people within hearing, and I sitting in the "door of the tent" writing, with my usual clothing except a shawl, and handkerchief on my head, and before me a large comfortable fire in the open air. Do you think we suffer? No, dear Jane; I have not

realized so much enjoyment for a long time as I have since I have been here. I know mother will say it is presumption for them to expose themselves and that child to the inclemencies of such a season. We are all much better prepared to endure and secured from the cold than any we see about us, and ought not to say we suffer; and besides, Alice's health has improved since she left the house. But the advantages we expect to derive from associations with and benefiting them will more than compensate us for the little inconvenience we now experience. The meeting is closed and I write no more."

I was not able to write more after this. We stayed into the third week and were necessarily called home sooner than was expected. We had been home but just a week when husband was called to attend the meeting of our mission. I was permitted to accompany him. We started on Tuesday noon in a rainstorm, and reached there on Friday a little after noon, making 110 miles in three days on horseback, Alice riding with her father. This was in Feb. In March we returned, but not in the same way. Here I think I must stop, for if I should go into particulars it would take more time than I can command at present.

Mr. Hall and wife have arrived from the Sandwich Islands. They have come for the benefit of Mrs. H.'s health; brought a printing press, which is stationed at Mr. S.'s, and next week husband expects to go there to make arrangements for the benefit of Mrs. H.'s health. She is affected with a spinal irritation and appears just like L. Linsley; sits up but very little; was carried there in a boat up the Snake river. He thinks he can cure her. He has had several cases since he has been here, all with good success. Others write us if Mrs. Hall is benefited, they will probably come. We feel closely united to that mission. Our number of correspondents increase. Mrs. Judd and Mrs. Whitney write to me.

The Indians we encamped with were Nez Perces. The most of them were not so hardened in sin; or, rather, they were not so proud a people as our people, the Wieletpoos, are; the most of ours have been absent during the winter, and returned just the time

we returned from Tukanon. Husband spent more than usual time in worship and instructing them, and instead of yielding to the truth they oppose it vigourously, and to this day some of them continue to manifest bitter opposition.

You know not how much we are expecting Brother and Sister Judson, and if we do not see him in July by the ship, I shall feel that he is coming across the mountains with Brother Lee. We need help very much, and those who will pray, too. In this we have been disappointed in our helpers last come, particularly the two Revs. who have gone to the Flatheads. They think it not good to have too many meetings, too many prayers, and that it is wrong and unseemly for a woman to pray where there are men, and plead the necessity for wine, tobacco, etc.; and now how do you think I have lived with such folks right in my kitchen for the whole winter? If you can imagine my feelings you will do more than I can describe. To have such dampers thrown upon us when we were enjoying such a precious revival season as we were when they came, is more than I know how to live under. This, with so much care and perplexity, nearly cost me a fit of sickness; and I do not know but it would have taken my life had it not been for the journey I was permitted to take the last of the winter. What I write here had better be kept to yourselves lest it should do injury.

We have just this moment received the news that the ship from England had arrived, but has brought no letters for us from our dear friends, because the ships had not arrived from the States to the Islands when she passed. We know not when we shall hear from home. I do not know where to send this because you say you visit Onondaga next summer. O, how I long to hear about them there. O, that you would all write me, and each take a different subject, so as to tell me all the news you can.

With much love from husband, Alice and myself to you all and all with whom you are concerned, adieu.

Your sister, in haste,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—A. C. talks much, sings much, loves to read her book, and every morning at worship repeats her verse as regularly as morning comes; and appears to take a part in the worship, especially in the singing, as if she was as old as her mother; and often is very much disappointed if we do not give the tunes she is acquainted with; and she and her mother often talk about her relatives in the States. I might write half a sheet about our dear daughter, but have not time. Mr. Hall says much to us about the evils of allowing her to learn the native language, as well as our correspondents there. I can assure you we feel deeply for her. We know not what is our duty concerning her. In order to prevent it it appears that I must take much of my time from intercourse with the natives. I cast myself upon the Lord. I know He will direct in every emergency, and so farewell. Pray for us and the heathen. We hope and pray for a revival of religion. If our own hearts were united and right we should see it soon, and a general one, too.

M. W.
N. W.
A. C. W.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.

Wieletpoo, June 25th, 1839.

My Dear Sister:—Your letter of April inst. I received but a few days ago, or it would have been answered much sooner. You make some important inquiries concerning my treatment of my precious child, Alice Clarissa, now laying by me a lifeless lump of clay. Yes, of her I loved and watched so tenderly, I am bereaved. My Jesus in love to her and us has taken her to himself.

Last Sabbath, blooming in health, cheerful and happy in herself and in the society of her much loved parents, yet in one moment she disappeared, went to the river with two cups to get some water for the table, fell in and was drowned. Mysterious event! we can in no way account for the circumstances connected

with it, otherwise than that the Lord meant it should be so, Husband and I were both engaged in reading. She had just a few minutes before been reading to her father; had got down out of his lap, and as my impression, was amusing herself by the door in the yard. After a few moments, not hearing her voice, I sent Margaret to search for her. She did not find her readily, and instead of coming to me to tell that she had not found her, she went to the garden to get some radishes for supper; on seeing her pass to the water to wash them, I looked to see if Alice was with her, but saw that she was not. That moment I began to be alarmed, for Mungo had just been in and said there were two cups in the river. We immediately inquired for her, but no one had seen her. We then concluded she must be in the river. We searched down the river, and up and down again in wild dismay, but could not find her for a long time. Several were in the river searching far down. By this time we gave her up for dead. At last an old Indian got into the river where she fell in and looked along by the shore and found her a short distance below. But it was too late; she was dead. We made every effort possible to bring her to life, but all was in vain. On hearing that the cups were in the river, I resolved in my mind how they could get there, for we had not missed them. By the time I reached the water-side and saw where they were, it came to my recollection that I had a glimpse of her entering the house and saying, with her usual glee, "ha, ha, supper is most ready" (for the table had just been set), "let Alice get some water," at the same time taking two cups from the table and disappearing. Being absorbed in reading I did not see her or think anything about her—which way she went to get her water. I had never known her to go to the river or to appear at all venturesome until within a week past. Previous to this she has been much afraid to go near the water anywhere, for her father had once put her in, which so effectually frightened her that we had lost that feeling of anxiety for her in a measure on its account. But she had gone; yes, and because my Saviour would have it so. He saw it necessary to afflict us, and has taken her away. Now we see how much we loved her, and you know the blessed Saviour will not have His children bestow

an undue attachment upon creature objects without reminding us of His own superior claim upon our affections. Take warning, dear sister, by our bereavement that you do not let your dear babe get between your heart and the Saviour, for you like us, are solitary and alone and in almost the dangerous necessity of loving too ardently the precious gift, to the neglect of the giver.

Saturday evening, 29—After ceasing effort to restore our dear babe to life, we immediately sent for Brother Spalding and others to come to sympathize and assist in committing to the grave her earthly remains. Tuesday afternoon Mr. Hall reached here. Mr. S. and wife took a boat and came down the river to Walla Walla, and reached here Thursday morning, nine o'clock, and we buried her that afternoon, just four days from the time her happy spirit took its flight to the bosom of her Saviour. When I write again, I will give you some particulars of her short life, which are deeply interesting to me, and will be to you, I trust, for you, too, are acquainted with a mother's feelings and a mother's heart.

Probably we may return to Clearwater with Brother and Sister S., as it is necessary for my husband to go on business for the mission. Dear sister, do pray for me in this trying bereavement, for supporting grace to bear without murmuring thought, the dealings of the blessed God toward us, and that it may be sanctified to the good of our souls and of these heathen around us.

O! on what a tender thread hangs these mortal frames, and how soon we vanish and are gone. She will not come to me, but I shall soon go to her. Let me speak to you of the great mercy of my Redeemer toward one so unworthy. You know not, neither can I tell you, how much He comforts and sustains me in this trying moment. He enables me to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed, ever blessed, be the name of the Lord."

Sister Spalding sends love to you and will write you soon.

In haste, as ever your affectionate, but now afflicted sister in Christ,

N. WHITMAN.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,

Wascopum.

WIELETPOO, July 26th, 1839.

Very Dear Sister:—You know not how like an angel's visit your dear husband's presence has been to me, now in my truly lonely situation, for my dear husband has been absent for a week. This added to the death of my precious Alice has almost overcome me. He proposes to leave early in the morning; I would gladly detain him if I could till my husband's return. I thought I must write a few lines to endeavor to persuade you to undertake a visit to us when he comes to go to the general meeting. I think I have removed all his objections and made it appear easy for him to carry your dear babe. Now if you knew how easy we get along in traveling with children, you would not hesitate for a moment. I need not say that I want to see you very much and shall expect you will come, and we will go together to brother Spalding's. Do come; it will do you good; it will do us all good to meet together and mingle our prayers and tears before the throne of grace.

I have been talking to your husband much about Alice. When I see you I can tell you all. I am not able to say anything about her now for want of time. It would do me much good to see little Henry, and I shall feel that you will come and will have no occasion to regret or feel that you have lost time by it. We shall expect to have a meeting of our National Association, which we anticipate will be interesting to us all, especially mothers.

You will excuse this hasty note, I trust. I will write more next time, if you do not come.

Believe me ever your affectionate sister in the Lord.

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I ought to have said before this that your kind and sympathizing letter was a cordial to my afflicted heart. Remember me to Brother Lee and kiss the babe for me.

N. W.

Rev. Mrs. H. K. W. Perkins,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 1st, 1840.

My Dear Sister Perkins:—I have been trying to imagine a reason for so long silence, for I have received no letters from you since writing my two last. Hope you have not been sick. You have had much company, I know, as well as we here. We hear from you, notwithstanding, and our hearts greatly rejoice to learn of the success of your labours there. Brother Hall has favoured us with the perusal of your husband's letters. O, that we could be with you in the gracious visitations. My soul longs, yea, thirsts, for seasons like many I have been witness and partaker of, in my native land. I am tired of living at this poor dying rate. To be a missionary in name and to do so little or nothing for the benefit of heathen souls, is heart-sickening. I sometimes almost wish to give my place to others who can do more for their good. With us we need more prayer and holy living. But with our hearts divided between our appropriate missionary work and getting a living, how can we expect it otherwise?—yet this is no excuse. We think of you often, and daily are you remembered at the Throne of Grace. We rejoice that our Indians attend your meetings. O, that their hardened hearts might be touched by the power of Divine Truth, and they be made to taste the dying and redeeming love. A very few are with us for the winter and I have a school of about twenty. Their being absent so much of the time is exceedingly trying to us. Do write me and let me learn how you enjoy the precious seasons your husband writes of.

How does young Henry do? Sweet babe, I should like dearly to see him and his mother, also. Sister Spalding has a son.

Kind regards to your husband and believe me as ever,

Your affectionate sister, in bonds of Christian love,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, W. W. RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
Oct. 10th, 1840.

My Dear Father:—It does us a great deal of good to receive letters from our dear parents, although it is no oftener than once in two years. I am sorry my letters are so long in reaching home, and can see no good reason for it, especially after they get into the States. I write twice a year regularly many letters, but do not receive answers to all I write. I am happy to hear that father and mother have found a permanent resting place and did not remove to the west. It is a pleasure to me to think of them as stationary and not moving about. It does us good to know all the particulars about those we love, and we may rest assured that the Lord will take care of them, and not leave them to suffer when old age is upon them. We have recently heard much about home and friends from Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, who are now with us. She was the Miss Sadler that lived at Brother Hall's, when I left. It makes me feel quite acquainted with home scenes once more. It is good to associate with warm-hearted revival Christians once more. We have none in our mission of as high-toned piety as we could wish, especially among those who came in our last re-enforcements. They think it is wrong for females to pray in the presence of men, and do not allow it even in our small circles here. This has been a great trial to me, and I have almost sunk under it. Mr. Clark and company have been with us now for nearly two months past, and we have had many precious seasons of prayer and social worship together, which seems like revival seasons at home that I used to enjoy.

We wish they had come out under the Board, both for our sakes, theirs and the mission cause. We fear they will suffer. At any rate, they cannot do any thing at present, and for a good while to come, of missionary work, but take care of themselves. We hope no more will come in this way. Those who came last year got themselves into difficulty when they first started; it increased all the way, and they still are not reconciled and we fear never will be. They are living upon us; have done nothing yet but explore a little, and appear to know not what to do, but

rather die than to give up their plans and say to the Christian world, it is wrong to go out in opposition to the Board.

Mr. Munger we have employed to finish our house. Men of great funds might go into the field and do good, but poor Christians cannot, even if they depend upon irresponsible churches. What the Lord will do with them we know not. Mrs. Griffin's health was poor when she came, and since she has been with us this summer she has been quite laid by with spinal complaint.

But enough of this. *Our trials* dear father knows but little about. The missionaries' greatest trials are but little known to the churches. I have never ventured to write about them for fear it might do hurt. The man who came with us is one who never ought to have come. My dear husband has suffered more from him in consequence of his wicked jealousy, and his great pique towards me, than can be known in this world. But he suffers not alone—the whole mission suffers, which is most to be deplored. It has nearly broken up the mission. This pretended settlement with father, before we started, was only an excuse, and from all we have seen and heard, both during the journey and since we have been here, the same bitter feeling exists. His principal aim has been at me; as he has said, "Bring out her character," "Expose her character;" as though I was the vilest creature on earth. It is well known I never did anything before I left home to injure him, and I have done nothing since, and my husband is as cautious in speaking and thinking evil of him or treating him unkindly, as my own dear father would be, yet he does not, nor has he, received the same kindness from him since we have been missionaries together.

Every mind in the mission that he has had access to, he has tried to prejudice against us, and did succeed for a while, which was the cause of our being voted to remove and form a new station. This was too much for my husband's feelings to bear, and so many arrayed against him and for no good reason. He felt as if he must leave the mission, and no doubt would have done it, had not the Lord removed from us our beloved child. This affliction softened his feelings and made him willing to suffer the will of

the Lord, although we felt that we were suffering wrongfully. The death of our babe had a great affect upon all in the mission; it softened their hearts towards us, even Mr. S.'s for a season. I never have had any difficulty with his wife; she has treated me very kindly to my face, but recently I have learned that she has always partook of the feelings of her husband. I have always loved her and felt as if no one could speak against her. The Lord in His providence has brought things around in such a way, that all see and feel where the evil lies, and some of them are writing to the Board and proposing measures to have an overture and settlement made, and it may require his removal or return to effect it; not so much for his treatment toward us as some others also. A particular charge brought against him is duplicity. It is painful for me to write thus concerning us here; and this is but a small item of what might be said. I have long had a desire to have some few judicious friends know our trials, so that they may understand better how to pray for us. If this mission fails, it will be because peace and harmony does not dwell among its members. Our ardent desire and prayer is that it may not fail. It is this state of things among us that discourages us. When we look at the people and the providence of God, we are more and more encouraged every year.

Since the return of the Indians this fall, it has seemed as if we were on the eve of a revival. Many of the principal Indians are deeply affected by the truth; some manifest it by bitter opposition, which does not discourage us, although our faith is greatly tried.

19th—*Dear Fathers*—I have been interrupted in writing this letter on account of ill health. It affects me unfavorably to write much; indeed, I am pretty much confined to my room, which is a very comfortable place, the most so of any I have found since I have been here. Since writing the above on the morning of the 16th, a message arrived and took my husband away as in a moment. It was from our Brother Smith, about a hundred and eighty miles from here. He wrote that the Indians were asking him to give them property and food, and wishing him to pay for the land he oc-

cupied. He told them he could not say anything about it; they became very angry and told him to move off to-morrow; he said he could not, but they still insisted upon it with great insolence, until he was obliged to tell them he would go. Sister Smith writes me that they are afraid for their lives and they ask for help immediately to come and remove them. Husband has gone and expects to be obliged to bring them away here. What the result will be the Lord only knows. The two principal instigators are brothers to the Indian who went to the United States for some one to come and teach them, that we read about as the first news west of the Rocky mountains. How transient is the missionaries' home. I believe we most of us feel that "we have no abiding city here."

I seldom write home without speaking of one or both of us being absent or about to be. We journey a great deal and that, with other causes, has nearly worn me out, and my husband, too. I cannot say all I should like for want of time and strength. Part of the contents of this sheet, ought not to be circulated; it may do hurt. I do not wish it made public, for any one to make an ill use of it.

I am almost discouraged about Marcus ever finding time to write many letters to our friends at home; he has written none for a year past; he would if he could; he is away now and I do not know when he will return.

I began to write about the state of the people. Of late my heart yearns over them more than usual. They feel so bad, disappointed, and some of them angry because husband tells them that none of them are Christians; that they are all of them in the broad road to destruction, and that worshipping will not save them. They try to persuade him not to talk such bad talk to them, as they say, but talk good talk, or tell some story, or history, so that they may have some Scripture names to learn. Some threaten to whip him and to destroy our crops, and for a long time their cattle were turned into our potato field every night to

see if they could not compel him to change his course of instruction with them.

These things did not intimidate us; it only drove us to a throne of grace with greater earnestness to plead for blessings to descend upon them. Our hearts only pant for time to have our whole minds given up to instructing them without being distracted with so many cares which are necessarily upon us, not for ourselves so much as for others. It has and still seems as if a rich blessing was near at hand for us and them, and sometimes I almost seem to grasp it. Why does the blessing stay? Is it because there is so few hands to labour and there is much rubbish to be cleared away? Or is it because of our unbelief and impiety of heart? Doubtless, both. O, for more deep and ardent piety in every heart; but particularly in my own and husband's. Will dear father pray that missionaries may be more holy and heavenly-minded, and less selfish. Could the churches at home be set down in heathen lands and see and know their missionaries as they know themselves, O how they would pray for them and feel and sympathize with them.

When will Christians cease to feel that their missionaries are such good people that they do not need to feel and pray for them as they pray for one another.

Dear Sister Jane writes that the Lord will do wonders for the heathen world this year, and we expect it, too, and may our hopes be realized.

I wish it did not hurt me so to write. I am very weak and feeble, and much thinking or excitement overcomes me. I should have got well long ago, I think, if it were possible for me to be quiet, with so many people about me and so much transpiring. Rest is not for us in this world. Dear mother says it seems as if she might see us again in this world. I do not know as I have such a thought; although it may not be impossible. I have long felt it more probable that we should never meet, and have thought more of meeting my friends in heaven than in this world, unless the Providence of God should make it neces-

sary for us to leave the field. Our united choice would be to live and die here—to spend our lives for the salvation of this people. Yes, dear parents, we have ever been contented and happy, notwithstanding all our trials, and let come what will, we had rather die in the battle than to retreat, if the Lord will only appear for us and remove all that is in the way of His salvation; take up every stumbling block out of our hearts and from this mission, and prosper His own cause here. Our ardent prayer is, Lord let not this mission fail; for our Board says it is the last effort they shall make for the poor Indians:—and may the dear Christians at home feel to urge up their requests to God in our behalf. This is what we need more than anything else.

Once more, dear father, farewell. The Lord deal gently with my beloved parents in the decline of life; support them in death, and safely house them and us in His presence forever.

As ever, I remain, your affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Angelica,
Allegheny County
New York, U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, W. W. RIVER, OREGON TERRITORY,
Oct. 9th, 1840.

My Dear Mother:—I cannot express the satisfaction we enjoyed in receiving, beholding and perusing dear mother's own letter; her own words and thoughts, written with her own hand. It arrived the first of June. An Indian brought it with other letters from Walla Walla after dark. We were in bed and had just got to sleep when he announced that letters had come. We could not wait until morning, but lighted a candle and read them. I received no other communications except what was con-

tained in that sheet from father, mother and Harriet, from the States; but some from the Islands. It was enough to transport me in imagination to that dear circle I loved so well, and to prevent sleep from returning that night. I have long looked and longed for something that would seem like conversing with dear mother once more, and now it has arrived; I know not how to express my gratitude to her for it. O, could my dear parents know how much comfort it would be to their solitary children here, they would each of them fill out a sheet as often as once a month and send it to the Board for us. How I should like to know what each of them are doing and how they feel from week to week. It would be better to me than books, papers, or clothing. I have enough of everything and more than I can find time to read. If dear father can afford to pay the postage on my letters home and his own and mother's to me as often as I want to hear from them, we will be perfectly satisfied. I ask for nothing else. The Board are constantly sending us books and papers and boxes of clothing. There are two barrels now at Vancouver for us from Brother Judson, and have been since June; also one from Rushville and a box from Lysander. I expect we have letters in Brother Judson's barrel, which accounts for our not receiving any from them. We are looking for them up every day now. In some of my first letters I did ask for some clothing to be sent me. It was more because Mrs. Hull made me promise to write for what I wanted, than because I needed them. I do not need to have dear father send me anything, for others do, and what is not sent I can do without. We are well provided for; the churches take good care of their missionaries. Our chief desire is to be found faithful stewards in that which is committed to our trust.

I received a letter in August from Sister Jane written in March. I am happy to hear that she and Edward are so wisely engaged. Hope they will let nothing interrupt them in their studies until E. becomes fitted for the ministry and the missionary field. Jane says she has had a call to go to the Sandwich Islands; I am glad she does not go. If she goes anywhere single, she must come and live with us; shall write to her to that effect. I wrote to father and mother in May last and sent them across the mountains;

hope they have been received by this time. In that I mentioned we were about to start to Colville on a medical visit. Mrs. Walker has a little daughter—second child. We went and returned in little less than three weeks, 130 miles. This is hard riding for us. Husband is gone so much of his time and has so many important duties at home, being alone, that he feels as if he must perform his journeys as rapidly as possible. On our return we moved into our new house—find it very comfortable and much easier to do our work. Mrs. Munger was confined the 25th of June; recovered well—had a daughter. We left immediately for Mr. Spalding's to attend the general meeting of the mission. Soon after we returned the Lord was pleased again to visit our family with sickness and death. Mother will recollect that in the spring of 1838 we had a man and his wife sent us from the Sandwich Island (natives) as missionaries. They came to assist us in our domestic labours. He was taken sick before we went to the meeting, but recovered and he and his wife went with us. He was sick and recovered several times, but every relapse brought him much lower than before. He died the 8th of August of inflammation of the bowels. Our loss is very great. He was so faithful and kind—always ready and anxious to relieve us of every care, so that we might give ourselves to our appropriate missionary work—increasingly so to the last. He died as a faithful Christian missionary dies—happy to die in the field—rejoiced that he was permitted to come and labour for the good of the Indians, while his heart was in heaven all the time. Who that could witness him in his dying moments and see the calm and sweet serenity of his countenance, but what would feel it a privilege to be a missionary—to be the means of saving one such soul from the midst of heathen darkness. His wife is just so faithful, but she is a feeble person. I know not how I could do without her; so we feel concerning him. But the Lord saw different. He had higher employment for him in heaven. Dear mother, we feel that the Lord means something by his repeated affliction; every year we have had a death in our family since we have been here. I feel as if it would be our turn soon and we know not how soon. In about a month after Joseph's death, I was taken with in-

flammation of the kidneys and was brought very low. But the Lord in mercy raised me up again and I got able to be about in a short time; but since that I got down again and have been ever since unable to see to my work. Have been taking medicine now for some time and begin to feel as if I should be quite well again; but do not expect to be able to engage in teaching again this winter. It is quite a trial to be laid aside when so much needs to be done. But missionaries wear out quick where they have always so much to do, and it will be so, so long as there are so few in the field.

We are thronged with company now and have been for some time past, and may be through the winter. I often think of what mother used to say--"I wish Narcissa would not always have so much company." It is well for me now that I have had so much experience in waiting upon company, and I can do it when necessary without considering it a great task. As we are situated, our house is the missionaries' tavern, and we must accommodate more or less the whole time. Mr. Gray and family are removed from Lapwai (Mr. Spalding's station) and are now with us until they can build anew, or rather until after his wife's confinement. He has an Hawaiian wife lately from the Islands. Mr. Griffin and Mr. Munger and their wives, who came out last summer as self-supporting missionaries, are here also. In August Rev. Mr. Clark, Philo Littlejohn, and Mr. Smith with their wives, arrived; they have come independent of the Board, also. We have no less than seven missionary families in our two houses. We feel that we need much patience and wisdom to get along with so many, and much strength. We are in peculiar and somewhat trying circumstances in relation to them. We are under the American Board and they have come out in opposition, or in other words to try to live independently of the Board. This they will find very difficult, or next to impossible to do, and some of them begin to see it so. We cannot sell to them, because we are missionaries and did not come to be traders; and if we did we should help them to establish an opposition Board. But we can give them, and report to the Board, which is not so agreeable to them. Their means are very limited and they will suffer before they can get help from

the churches, if they have it at all. Those who have come this year are excellent people and we wish they were under the Board, for we need their labours very much. We should keep Mr. Littlejohn and his wife with us if we had any claim upon them. Ma is acquainted with them; he is Augusta's brother.

What a comfort it is to us that mother and father still live to pray for us, and may they long continue to. For they can never realize how much grace and wisdom, patience, forbearance brotherly kindness, love and charity; yea, every Christian grace,, meekness and humility, their daughter needs.

Once more, dear mother, farewell.

From your ever affectionate daughter.

NARCISSA.

P. S.—Your children both send much love. I had hoped that ma would have received a letter at this time from her son Marcus; but it is almost like hoping against hope, so long as his cares and duties are so complicated.

Oct. 20th, 1840.

My Dear Sister Harriet:—Your letter, although short, was very good and pleased me much; and now what do you think it would have been to me, how much good would it have done your brother and me, if it had been a whole sheet and well filled as I fill mine. I have written you separately a long letter, and one to Edward. You did not tell me that you had received any. Always tell me how many letters of mine you have received, and what their dates are, and then I shall know if you get all I write home. When I write you, I always wish to have you receive them, and if I know what you receive, then I shall know what you hear from me.

You did not tell me what you are doing and what company you keep; what female meetings you attend, and whether you are doing good in the cause of Christ. What books do you read? Do

you comfort ma by reading to her such books as Dwight's Theology, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, Milner's Church History, etc., as Narcissa used to do in her younger days? What progress are you making in the divine life? You see there are many things I wish you to tell me—enough to fill more than one sheet. I am happy to hear that J. and E. have gone to prepare to become missionaries, and that you have a wish to be here with me. I should like to have you here very much, and I hope you will prepare yourself for it. I know dear mother would willingly give up Harriet to go to the heathen if the Lord should call her. This is what you ought to live for as well as me, for there is nothing so desirable. I may send for you yet, and you would do well to prepare yourself. I think of proposing to Jane to come and teach school here next time I write her. Dear Harriet, honour the Saviour everywhere you go; be entirely devoted to Him. You will never regret it. Do write me often and fully. Write a little oftener and send me more than one sheet a year. It will be good for you to cultivate the talent of writing. Yes, do more than I used to, and then you will not regret that you did not do it more, as I do now when I am obliged to write so often and so much. Those of the family that do not write me, I am afraid I shall forget to inquire after them, or write them. You all have more time than I, and more strength, too.

Your dear brother is not at home; if he was he would send much love. As it is I send it for him. Think of him traveling alone this cold weather. The first after he left his warm home, the wind blew very hard and cold,—he with but two blankets, sleeping on the ground alone; and since, it has rained almost every day, and sometimes snowed a little. I do not know when he will come home.

Farewell, dear Harriet. Pray much for your sister who loves you and sends much love to you and all the brothers and sisters.

Tell me more about Stephen's children and H.'s and E.'s; you know, Harriet, mine is dead. Before this I have written all about her; tell me if you have seen it. Adieu,

Your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA.

WAILATPU, March 2nd, 1841.

My Dear Sister:—We are in deep trial and affliction. Our Brother Munger is perfectly insane and we are tried to know how to get along with him. He claims it as a duty we owe him, as the representative of Christ's church, to obey him in all things. He is our lawgiver, as Moses was to the children of Israel. Last Sabbath was the accomplishment of all things to him—a glorious Sabbath; the bringing in of all things—the Judgment Day. Brother Perkins will recollect some features in his prayers while he was here, which we now see indicated a mind not sound on all points. Now don't let your faith in God be staggered by what has happened unto him. He has been thinking upon some points so long and so deeply that his mind has lost its balance. He has been nearly so before, his wife tells me, but not so entirely gone. Poor Sister M.—her trials are very great. To see him die in a happy state of mind would be, comparatively, a light affliction. He has been inclining this way so long we see but little or no hope he will ever be any better.

When your husband left us we were all of us at work with our own hearts to get them right for the blessing of God upon us. He was pleased to show some of us our hearts; at least me mine as I never saw it before, and I trust it has been a profitable lesson to me. The work seemed to go on gradually and we hope effectually, but frequently during this time we all felt our feelings destroyed by Brother Munger's prayers, and ventured to speak to him of it, but to our surprise he did not receive it with that Christian meekness and improvement we expected in him, but appeared to be more and more strengthened in his preconceived notions and feelings of himself, until he plainly convinced us by his strange actions that he was deranged.

Efforts have been made by my husband and Mr. Gray to restore him, but all prove ineffectual. He sent to be present at our family worship this morning, but we felt it would be no worship and deferred his coming until after, and now he is waiting

for his troops to come in who, some of them, appear very unwilling to obey orders.

Brother Littlejohn has gone to see Mr. Clark at Mr. Smith's. We are expecting his return this week, also Mr. C. What will be done with him, we know not, but preparations must be made to take him home, if possible.

Do pray for his afflicted wife, and may the Lord teach us all a lesson for our profit, and show us the debt of gratitude we owe him for the merciful preservation of our reason to us.

I could say much more, but I have snatched this moment to write what I have, and must close.

Give much love to the Sisters Brewer and Lee, if with you.

Affectionately your sister in Christ,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Elvira Perkins,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, May 30th, 1841.

My Dear Brother Edward:—Yesterday Mr. Ermatinger left us to go to Fort Hall and the Rendezvous, and we sent our package of letters to our friends by him. There being still another opportunity of writing, I embrace it for tomorrow. Husband is to send an Indian to overtake him on account of some business forgotten to be attended to while he was here. Mr. and Mrs. Munger, who I hope you will see, left more than three weeks ago with the main party who have the goods, and Mr. E. is to overtake them.

Since writing Jane's letter, much has transpired of interest to us. Mr. Pambrun, of whom you have often heard me speak, received an injury while riding out a little way from his fort by his horse losing the rope out of his mouth and running and surging, which threw him repeatedly upon the horn of his saddle and

finally upon the ground. He was so bruised and maimed in the abdomen, that he was unable to move and was carried to the house on blankets. He died in four days after the injury, a most painful death. He died as he lived, saying that he was a Christian, but giving no evidence that he was one in heart. He was a Roman Catholic. Your brother went and stayed with him during his sickness until he died. He was so anxious to die to be relieved from pain and suffering, that he plead with the doctor to give him something to stupefy him so that he might die quick. When he was in the last agonies he insisted on having an emetic given him and when he could not prevail on the doctor or Mr. Rogers, who was with him when he was hurt and sick, he sent for his men to take him and carry him out so that he might get it himself, but he did not succeed and gave up to die without it.

His poor family feel the loss very much; he was their main support; had nine children, the youngest an infant three weeks old. His wife is a half-breed. He gave me his little daughter, Harriet, the one named just before he died. We know not what the Lord means by this providence, but we hope good will result to His cause and his afflictions may be sanctified to the living.

Dear brother, this is the Sabbath day. At this time you are doubtless engaged in the worship of God in the sanctuary, a privilege I once enjoyed, but now am deprived of. Our minds suffer for the want of such privileges. Yet in our deprivation we have our enjoyments, for we can worship God in our own dwellings and find Him here present with us. At times the special presence of His Holy Spirit appears to be manifest, and he seems to be reaching down His hand filled with blessings to this dying people. The work is a great work; but how few and feeble are the labourers already in the field. Our earnest prayer is that more labourers might be sent to aid us in our work; men after God's own heart, and not easily discouraged.

The present is a time of unusual quiet—not an Indian is to be seen about us all are scattered in little groups far and near, digging their kamas root, and taking salmon. Here is the mission-

ary's trial in this country. The people are with him so little of the time, and they are so scattered that he cannot go with them, for but few are in a place. Notwithstanding our discouragements, I feel that we would not be situated differently if we could. We would not be out of the field for any consideration whatever, so long as the Lord has any work for us to do here. I wish Jane was here to help me. When I hear from you again I shall know what to do about sending to the Board to have her come, if Edward can spare her and will still go on with his studies. I hope you will remember what I have written to you in the other letter, and do as I have asked you to do, for your own sake as well as mine. You seem to be very near to us. It is almost June now, and I hope this letter will reach you in safety and speedily. Mrs. Littlejohn has become the mother of a fine Oregon boy; they will go home now as soon as they can get an opportunity by ship. Whether you see them or not, after they return I know not. Many others are getting discouraged and wishing to leave, and others are greatly disappointed in the country. I went to Walla Walla two weeks ago to attend Mr. P.'s funeral and spent about two weeks with the family. They sent for me to come home, for Mrs. Littlejohn was sick, but I did not get home until her babe was born. She is doing well and her babe also.

Dear Jane, I hear much of your watching and taking care of the sick. Do be more careful of your own health; I fear for you; you will wear out too soon. I have not been able to do much such work since I have been here.

Your brother often speaks of you and has intended to write you both, but has been pulled this way and that, so that he has not had time. Adieu; our love to you both. I have not written to pa and ma, as I intended, but husband has, which you may read if you see Mrs. Munger.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Dear Sister Jane:—It would be a pleasure to see you, and I am meditating how it could be, as you have come almost half way.

I was just telling Narcissa what an interest I had taken in yourself ever since I was introduced to you at your father's house by Mr. Hamilton at the close of a prayer meeting. That was the first introduction to the family. From that moment my heart has been towards the family. But you smile, I suppose, and say it was Narcissa; no, it was Jane; Narcissa was in Butler. I presume you will have no recollection of the introduction; if so, let it rest on my recollection, which is vivid. I trust you are happily employed in aiding Edward. It is a noble work. Encourage him to study and toil. Tell him to finish his education before he gives his mind any liberty to rove. Let usefulness be his motto. Obstacles can be overcome. With much love to you both,

Your brother,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

I would send you some specimens of the country if it were not so difficult to pack them across the mountains.

May 17th, 1842.—I send this for the scrap my dear husband has written you, more than for what I have written. It may do you good to get even that from him who is so dear to your sister and to you, I trust. It was returned last spring, and I could not send it by ship. Rogers has just said that he would call on you, so that you can ask him as many questions as you can think of, and if he returns you can send by him next spring.

Adieu, dear E. Your sister,

N. W.

WAIILATPU, March 1st, 1842.

My Dear Jane and Edward:—I was busy all the forenoon in preparing my husband for his departure. He left about two o'clock P. M. to go on a professional visit to Brother Walker's, and I am once more left alone in this house with no other company than my two little half-breed girls, Mary Ann Bridger and Helen Mar Meek. Since he left I have copied a letter of one sheet and

a half for him to Brother Spalding and written a short one to Sister S., besides, which kept me until nearly dark, although I wrote with all my might, for we had detained an Indian who was going that way, to take them, and before I could get them completed he began to be quite impatient. I, however, pacified him by giving him something to eat to beguile his time, and when he left gave him a good piece of bread to eat on the way. The Indians do us many favours in this way, and get as many from us in return, for they are always glad of something from us to eat on the way. Since I got my letters off I regulated my house some, got my own and little girl's supper and some toast and tea for a sick man who has been here a few days, from Walla Walla to be doctored; attended family worship and put my little girls to bed, and have set me down to write a letter to Jane and Edward, my dear brother and sister that I left at home in Angelica more than six years ago. Since or just as I seated myself to write, Brother Gray came in to get some medicine for the sick man. He is in Packet's lodge a few steps from the door, and he is the man who attends to my wants, such as milking, getting water, wood, etc. He is a half-breed from the east side of the mountains and was brought up at Harmony mission, but came to the mountains about eight years ago and has since become a Catholic. Brother Gray has built him a new house and it is quite a piece from us. Thus lonely situated, what would be the enjoyment to me if E. and J. would come in and enjoy my solitude with me. Surely solitude would quickly vanish, as it almost appears to, even while I am writing. Jane, I wish you were here to sleep with me, I am such a timid creature about sleeping alone that sometimes I suffer considerably, especially since my health has been not very good. It, however, gives me the opportunity for the exercise of greater trust and confidence in my heavenly protector in whose hands I am always safe and happy when I feel myself there. My eyes are much weaker than when I left home and no wonder, I have so much use for them. I am at times obliged to use the spectacles Brother J. G. so kindly furnished me. I do not know what I could do without them; so much writing as we have to do, both in our own language and

the Nez Perces; and, besides, we have no way to feast our minds with knowledge necessary for health and spirituality without reading, and here the strength of the eyes are taxed again.

Out of compassion to my eyes and exhausted frame, dear ones, I must bid you good-night. You may hear from me to-morrow, perhaps, if I am not interrupted with company.

2d—After attending to the duties of the morning, and as I was nearly done hearing my children read, two native women came in bringing a miserable looking child, a boy between three and four years old, and wished me to take him. He is nearly naked, and they said his mother had thrown him away and gone off with another Indian. His father is a Spaniard and is in the mountains. It has been living with its grandmother the winter past, who is an old and adulterous woman and has no compassion for it. Its mother has several others by different white men, and one by an Indian, who are treated miserably and scarcely subsist. My feelings were greatly excited for the poor child and felt a great disposition to take him. Soon after the old grandmother came in and said she would take him to Walla Walla and dispose of him, there and accordingly took him away. Some of the women who were in, compassionated his case and followed after her and would not let her take him away, and returned with him again this eve to see what I would do about him. I told her I could not tell because my husband was gone. What I fear most is that after I have kept him awhile some of his relatives will come and take him away and my labour will be lost or worse than lost. I, however, told them they might take him away and bring him again in the morning, and in the meantime I would think about is. The care of such a child is very great at first—dirty, covered with body and head lice and starved—his clothing is apart of a skin dress that does not half cover his nakedness, and a small bit of skin over his shoulders.

Helen was in the same condition when I took her, and it was a long and tedious task to change her habits, young as she was, but little more than two years old. She was so stubborn and fret-

ful and wanted to cry all the time if she could not have her own way. We have so subdued her that now she is a comfort to us, although she requires tight reins constantly.

Mary Ann is of a mild disposition and easily governed and makes but little trouble. She came here last August. Helen has been here nearly a year and a half. The Lord has taken our own dear child away so that we may care for the poor outcasts of the country and suffering children. We confine them altogether to English and do not allow them to speak a word of Nez Perces.

Read a portion of the Scriptures to the women who were in today, and talked awhile with them. Baked bread and crackers today and made two rag babies for my little girls. I keep them in the house most of the time to keep them away from the natives, and find it difficult to employ their time when I wish to be engaged with the women. They have a great disposition to take a piece of board or a stick and carry it around on their backs, if I would let them, for a baby, so I thought I would make them something that would change their taste a little. You wonder, I suppose, what looking objects Narcissa would make. No matter how they look, so long as it is a piece of cloth rolled up with eyes, nose and mouth marked on it with a pen, it answers every purpose. They caress them and carry them about the room at a great rate, and are as happy as need be. So much for my children.

I have not told you that we have a cooking stove, sent us from the Board, which is a great comfort to us this winter, and enables me to do my work with comparative ease, now that I have no domestic help.

We have had but very little snow and cold this winter in this valley. The thermometer has not been lower than 20° below freezing; but in every direction from us there has been an unusual quantity of snow, and it still remains. Husband expects to find snow beyond the Snake river, which he would cross today if he has been prospered, and may perhaps be obliged to make snow shoes to travel with. Last night was a very windy night,

and the same today, but it is still now. Brother Walker is situated directly north of us, so that it is not likely that the snow will decrease any in going. It is uncertain when he will return if prospered and not hindered with the snow. He expects to be gone only four weeks. May the Lord preserve and return him in safety and in His own time, and keep me from anxiety concerning him. Goodnight, J. and E.

3d.—Dear Jane, this has been washing day, and I have cleaned house some; had a native woman to help me that does the hardest part. I am unable to do my heavy work and have been for two years past.

This evening an Indian has been in who has been away all winter. I have been reading to him the fifth chapter of Matthew. Every word of it seemed to sink deep into his heart; and O may it prove a savour of life to his soul. He thinks he is a Christian, but we fear to the contrary. His mind is somewhat waked up about his living with two wives. I would not ease him any, but urged him to do his duty. Others are feeling upon the subject, particularly the women; and why should they not feel?—they are the sufferers.

The little boy was brought to me again this morning and I could not shut my heart against him. I washed him, oiled and bound up his wounds, and dressed him and cleaned his head of lice. Before he came his hair was cut close to his head and a strip as wide as your finger was shaved from ear to ear, and also from his forehead to his neck, crossing the other at right angles. This the boys had done to make him look ridiculous. He had a burn on his foot where they said he had been pushed into the fire for the purpose of gratifying their malicious feelings, and because he was friendless. He feels, however, as if he had got into a strange place, and has tried to run away once or twice. He will soon get accustomed, I think, and be happy, if I can keep him away from the native children. So much about the boy Marshall. I can write no more tonight.

4th.—There has been almost constant high wind ever since husband left and increasingly cold. Feel considerably anxious concerning him, lest the deep snow and cold may make his journey a severe one. At the best it is very wearing to nature to travel in this country. He never has been obliged to encounter so much snow before, and I do not know how it will affect him. He is a courageous man, and it is well that he is so to be a physician in this country. Common obstacles never affect him; he goes ahead when duty calls. Jane and Edward, you know but little about your brother Marcus, and all I can tell you about him at this time is that he is a bundle of thoughts.

Met this afternoon for a female prayer meeting; only two of us—Sister Gray and myself—yet they are precious seasons to us, especially when Jesus meets with us, as He often does. I am blessed with a lovely sister and an excellent associate in Sister Gray, and I trust that I am in some measure thankful, for I have found by experience that it is not good to be alone in our cares and labours.

9th.—Last evening received a letter from Sister Walker dated Feb. 21st, in which she expresses some fears lest husband should not arrive in season on account of the deep snow. The probability is that he has had as much as one day on snow shoes if not more. We are having our winter now, both of cold and snow. During the last twenty-four hours there has been quite a heavy fall of snow in the valley, and it is doubtless doubled in the mountains.

Last eve I spent at Bro. Gray's, after the monthly concert. We opened some boxes that have just arrived from the Board to the mission, containing carding, spinning and weaving apparatus, clothing and books. Our goods often get wet in coming up the river, and we are often obliged to open, dry and repack again. We have abundant evidence that our Christian friends in the States have not forgotten us, by the donations we receive from time to time. My work last eve was such cold and damp work that it gave me many rheumatic pains all night, and besides it

took us so long that I feel unable to write much more tonight. There is still another evening's work of the same kind, which must be done as soon as tomorrow. We take the eve because Bro. G. has so much labour during the day, and then our children are all in bed. Goodnight, Jane.

9th.—While I was thinking about preparing to retire to rest last eve, Bro. Gray came in to see if I could go over and see and aid in the arrangement of the other boxes. I finally mustered courage to go, because they were anxious to have it out of the way. Found it an easier job than was expected, because there was but one that needed drying.

Attended maternal meeting this afternoon. Sister G. and I make all the effort our time and means will permit to edify and instruct ourselves in our responsible maternal duties. Read this p. m. the report of the New York City Association for 1840, and what a feast it was to us! It is a comforting thought to us in a desert land to know that we are so kindly remembered by sister Associations in our beloved land. But the constant watch and care and anxiety of a missionary mother cannot be known by them except by experience. Sister G. has two of her own and I have three half-breeds. I believe I feel all the care and watchfulness over them that I should if they were my own. I am sure they are a double tax upon my patience and perseverance, particularly Helen; she wants to rule every one she sees. She keeps me on guard continually lest she should get the upper hand of me. The little boy appears to be of a pretty good disposition, and I think will be easy to govern. He proves to be younger than I first thought he was; he is not yet three years old—probably he is the same age Helen was when she came here. His old grandmother has been in to see him today, but appears to have no disposition to take him. She wanted I should give her something to eat every now and then, because I had got the child to live with me and take care of, also old clothes and shoes. So it is with them; the moment you do them a favour you place yourself under lasting obligations to them and must continue to give to keep their love strong towards you. I make such bungling work

of writing this eve I believe I will stop, for I can scarcely keep my head up and eyes open. So good night, J., for you do not come to sleep with me, and I must content myself with Mary Ann.

11th.—Dear Jane, I am sick tonight and in much pain—have been scarcely able to crawl about all day. The thought comes into my mind, how good to be relieved of care and to feel the blessing of a sympathizing hand administering to the necessities of a sick and suffering body, and whose presence would greatly dispel the gloom that creeps over the mind in spite of efforts to the contrary. But I must not repine or murmur at the dealings of my Heavenly Father with me, for he sees it necessary thus to afflict me that His own blessed image may be perfected in me. O, what a sinful, ungrateful creature I am—proud and disobedient. I wonder and admire the long-suffering patience of God with me, and long to be free from sin so that I shall grieve Him no more. But there is rest in heaven to the weary and wayworn traveler, and how blessed that we may "hope to the end for the grace that shall be given unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ." Pray for us, J. and E., for we need your prayers daily. Goodnight.

12th.—I would that I could describe to you what I have felt and passed through since writing the above. Before I could get to bed last night I was seized with such severe pains in my stomach and bowels that it was with difficulty that I could straighten myself. I succeeded in crawling about until I got something to produce perspiration, thinking it might proceed from a cold, and went to bed. About two o'clock in the morning Sister Gray sent for me, for she was sick and needed my assistance. When I was waked I was in a profuse perspiration. What to do I did not know. Neither of them knew that I was sick the day before. I at last concluded that I would make the effort to go, casting myself for preservation on the mercy of God. Mr. Cook, the man who came after me, made a large fire for me in my room, and I was enabled to dress and dry myself without getting cold, the weather having moderated some from what it was a few days ago.

I bundled myself pretty well and went with Mr. C.'s assistance, for I felt but very little better able to walk than I did the evening before, yet not in so much pain. When I arrived the babe was born, and Bro. Gray was washing it. In the meantime, after they were informed how I was, they sent me word not to come if I was not able. I took the babe and dressed it, and have been there all day with my children, although I have not been able to sit up all day. Both mother and babe are comfortable tonight, and I have come home to spend the night and Sabbath, leaving Mr. G. with the care of them tomorrow. They have a good Hawaiian woman, which is a great mercy.

Sab. Eve., 13th—Was kept awake last night by the headache considerably, and it has continued most of the day. Bro. G.'s house is very open, and the change from ours affects me unfavourably generally. Notwithstanding feeble health, this Sabbath has been a precious day to me. A quiet resting upon God is every thing, both in sickness and in health. My heart cries, O, for sanctifying grace that I may not become hardened under affliction.

14th.—I have this day entered upon my thirty-fifth year, and had my dear Alice C. been alive she would have been five years old, for this was her birthday as well as mine. Precious trust! she was taken away from the evil to come. I would not have it otherwise now. All things are for the best, although we may not see it at the time. Spent the day with Sister G., although not able to do much. Have been taking medicine and feel some better this eve, and hope to be better still tomorrow.

15th—Have been with Sister Gray all day. There is so much there and all around us to call forth feelings of sympathy and care, that I have been so excited all day as not to scarcely realize my own state of health until I retire from it, and then I find myself completely exhausted. Thus it is that the missionary is so soon worn out, and his health fails and he is obliged to leave the field. He constantly sees work enough for his utmost time and strength, and much, very much that must remain undone for the

want of hands to do it. We feel a merciful and timely relief in the association of Bro. and Sister Gray in our labours at this station. Had we continued much longer without help we should have been obliged, both of us without doubt, to have retired from the field as invalids. Yet still there is just as much as we all can possibly do, and more, too, for every year brings increased labours and demands upon us, and doubtless will continue to if there is much emigration to this country.

Edward, if you are thinking to become a missionary, you would do well to write a sermon on the word PATIENCE every day. Study well its meaning; hold fast on to patience and never let go, thinking all the time that you will have more need of her by and by than ever you can have while you remain at home. But I must stop before I exhaust myself, and gain strength for the duties of the morrow by rest.

21st—It will be three weeks tomorrow since dear husband left, and I am feeling tonight almost impatient for his return. It has been stormy and cold every day since he left. Indeed, we have had our winter in this month, and now the rivers are so high that it is almost impossible to cross them without swimming. I feel that the Lord has mercifully and tenderly sustained and kept me from anxious feelings about him thus far during his absence. Doubtless he has suffered much, but the Lord will preserve, I hope, and return him again to me, filled with a lively sense of His goodness to us continually. The Indians feel his absence very much, especially Sabbaths. They are here so short a time they do not like to have him gone.

Today I have had the care of Sister G.'s two children and my three, which has been a hard day's work for me. I am more and more pleased with my little boy every day. He is so mild and quiet, and so happy in his new situation that I have not had the least regret that I took him in. He is learning to talk English extremely well--much faster than my two girls did. The second Sabbath he went about the room saying, "I must not work, I must not work," and also a part of a line of a hymn he had heard

us sing, "Lord teach a little child to pray,"—all that he could say was, "a child to pray, a child to pray." He is learning to sing, also; he seems to have a natural voice, and learns quick. I think husband will have no objections to keeping him when he sees what a promising boy he is.

Sister Gray is recovering very fast; she came out into the kitchen yesterday to supper, and today she has dressed her babe, which is but ten days old. She took the advantage of me and dressed it before I could get over there this morning. She was going about her own room before it was a week old. Perhaps you will think we do as the natives do when we are among natives. She certainly is very well, and we ought to be very thankful, and I trust we are. We all see so much to do that it is difficult to keep still when it is possible to stir. So goodnight, J. and E., for my sheet is full.

26th—Husband arrived today about noon, to the joy of all the inhabitants of Waiilatpu. Mr. Eells came with him. His journey was prosperous beyond our most sanguine expectations, for the day that he would have been obliged to take snow shoes was so cold that by taking the morning very early they went on the top of the snow and arrived there in safety the Saturday after he left here. Sister Walker has a son, born on the 16th, four days after the birth of Sister Gray's. They call him Marcus Whitman. So it is, dear J. and E., that the Lord cares for and preserves us; and it seemed more than ever as if He sustained me from anxiety and gave me a spirit of prayer for him, and answered prayer in his safe return with improved health; and O, may the lives which He does so mercifully preserve, be devoted more entirely to His service.

Bro. Eells came for his boxes and will return next week. We are cheered with an occasional visit from one and another, which is a source of comfort to us in our pilgrimage here.

This sheet is full, and if you have trouble to read it, say so, and I will not do so again.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, July 22nd, 1842.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I find the perusal of the Memoirs of Mrs. Smith so deeply interesting to myself, that I desire to ask the privilege of sending it, with your permission, to the different sisters of this mission, as one or two of them have begged the reading of it. It is most too precious a morsel to be enjoyed alone in this desert land. As I am unable to write to Sister Perkins this opportunity, I will just say I forward by this conveyance a few numbers of the *New York Observer*, containing several pieces from Dr. Humphries' pen on Education, which she requested in her last letter to me. We value them much and desire to preserve them.

I am happy to hear of your prosperity in the addition to your family of a little daughter. May she live long to cheer and bless you with her sweet smiles.

Hoping for the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I am, dear sister, yours in Christian love.

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. H. B. Brewer,

Wascopum.

WASKOPUM, March 11th, 1843.

My Dear Harriet:—I have just been reading your letter, written more than two years ago. I have been thinking all day of writing you, but can scarcely find courage enough; even now, I feel more like taking my bed rather than writing, much as I long to commune with you.

From a letter I received last fall from Mr. Dixon, I learn that my dear Harriet is now both a wife and a mother. Tender and endearing relations! May you ever prove worthy of the confidence and affection of your husband, and a tender, wise and judicious

mother, and never forget that you are training immortal spirits for an eternal world. If you have never read "Alcott's Young Wife and Young Mother," I beg you will procure and read them. You will derive great benefit from them. You cannot begin too soon to study your duty as a mother. It is a responsible station, and doubtless you feel it to be so. Be sure and make it your business to train them for the Lord, and hold them not as yours, but His, to be called away at His bidding. This is an interesting theme to me.

When you write, please tell me about your maternal association. I want to know all about them, and how the cause prospers. We have an association here consisting of the missionary mothers and two native mothers, who are the wives of the gentlemen of this country. We find it a great comfort to meet together, to pray and sympathise with and for each other in this desert land where we have so few privileges. Please remember me to your association, and solicit an interest in the prayers of those praying mothers for the missionary mothers of Oregon.

I hope by this time you have had a good visit with your brother Marcus. I presume it has been a short one. Tell me, you that have enjoyed the sweets of connubial bliss long enough to know the happiness it affords, how would you like to be so widely separated and for so long a time. Think you, it is no trial, no sacrifice of feeling? For what would you be willing to make such a sacrifice? Is there anything in this lower world that would tempt you to it? I presume not; at least I can see no earthly inducement sufficiently paramount to cause me voluntarily to take upon myself such a painful trial. Painful, I say? yes, painful in the extreme to the natural heart. But there is one object, our blessed Saviour, for whose sake, I trust, both you as well as we are willing if called to it, to suffer all things. It was for Him, for the advancement of His cause, that I could say to my beloved husband, "Go; take all the time necessary to accomplish His work; and the Lord go with and bless you." Sacrifice made for Him will not go unrewarded. Believe me, this same Heavenly Friend so manifests himself to me, sustains, upholds, and comforts me, and that, too,

almost continually as to enable me to "glory in tribulation," yea to rejoice that I am counted worthy to suffer for His sake. He has been preparing me for the self-denial for some time past, and no time more effectually than when he was pleased to take my beloved child from me. Once I could not have borne it without the same measure of grace I now enjoy. But blessed be His Holy Name, it is from Him I receive all things, and I desire to be wholly consecrated to Him. I feel that I am nothing—Jesus is my all, His righteousness alone I plead; in Him my guilty soul expects to find a full and free salvation.

I hope the hand and the heart that has got possession of my beloved Harriet's will please accept of a sister's love, although we have never been privileged with an acquaintance, and may never meet in this world. May I not hope to receive letters from you both, and frequently, too? Can such a thing be under the sun that my husband will prevail on you to come to Oregon to spend your days? I know you would say, I cannot leave pa and ma to go so far.

Give much love to sister C. and her husband; tell her to please consider this as written to her, if I am unable to write her by this opportunity. I think of sister Mary Ann as being a guardian angel to me sometimes. When shall I be one to you? I think sometimes it will not be long. Again I send love to J. G. and all the family. Many kisses for all the babies.

Your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA.

Mrs. John W. Jackson,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

FORT GEORGE, August 11th, 1843.

My Dear Parents:—I am now at the mouth of the Columbia river. I came down with Rev. Daniel Lee of Waskopum, where I spent the last winter, and Mr. Leslie. He and his family are ex-

pecting to leave in the ship, that is now on its way down the river, for the States. Doctor Babcock and his family of the same mission are going on the same vessel to the Islands, also Mr. Frost and family are leaving the missionary field, by the same opportunity and going home. Thus one after another of our Methodist brethren leave the country and go to the States. This is very discouraging to those who remain. Some of our number have done the same;—Mr. Smith and Mr. Gray and their families. Ministerial and missionary work is increasing in the country, and the labourers are decreasing.

My beloved parents may think it strange that I should wander about the country so much when my dear husband is absent. The Lord is very merciful and of great kindness to me in showing me so many favours in my lonely situation. It serves to occupy my mind and keeps me from undue anxiety concerning him; and besides this, journeying is beneficial to my health. I have come down to enjoy the benefit of a sea breeze, and visit the mission station at Clatsop on the Pacific coast. I am now enjoying a friendly visit in the family of Mr. Birnie at this fort. When the ship leaves I shall accompany Rev. Jason Lee to Clatsop, where I expect to spend a few days and return with Mr. Lee and Mr. Leslie to the Willamette and finish my visit there. Everywhere I go I find attention and kindness far more than I deserve. I believe I wrote to pa and ma while I was at Wascopum. I left them and went up the river in the company's boats in charge of Mr. Grant, the first of April, and arrived in safety after a voyage of five days. I went home and arranged affairs, attended upon the company of Doctor White and his party, which consisted of Revs. Hinds and Perkins, who came up to hold a meeting with the Indians. When the meeting closed I accompanied them to Walla Walla, and on the first day of June left there in the brigade for Vancouver, Mrs. McKinlay accompanying me. In coming, Dr. White recommended me to the attention of Dr. Barclay, an eminent physician of the fort. I remained there about two months and attended faithfully to his directions; feeling it is a great favour to have so good an opportunity to attend to my health, and to be so free from care and labour. I left two of the children in

the care of Mrs. Littlejohn and Mrs. Eells. Helen I have with me About the last of July, I went to the Willamette Falls and spent most of my time in the families of Mr. Abernethy and Mr. Waller. The latter one says he knew pa well; his circuit was in that region and he resided in Friendship. Last Monday, at sundown, I left them to come down the river to see the mission families leave.

It is very trying to part with dear Brother and Sister Lee. I have enjoyed such sweet social religious privileges with them the past winter that I feel very much endeared to them. I cannot feel very willing to have them go. It is but very recently that they have talked and made up their minds to go, and it was very surprising to us. They are pious, devoted missionaries, but Mrs. Lee's health has failed, and they feel it their duty to go home. They were from the New England states and very probably pa and ma will not see them. Brother Lee says he will write to pa when he gets home for me. I send this by him. Doctor Babcock goes to the Islands to return again; it is possible he may not. He is from Avoca. I do not know when I shall see my dear husband again. I hope in a few weeks to receive letters from him and then I shall know when to expect him. The Lord be merciful to me and return him to my arms again in peace. I forbear to think much of the future, but rest it with the Lord. I have written this very poorly. The house is full of company and it is difficult to keep my thoughts. My most dearly beloved and excellent parents, please accept of my heartfelt thanks for all your love and kindness to me, and be assured of the sincere, devoted love of your unworthy daughter,

NARCISSA.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York, U. S. A.

WASKOPUM, March 31st, 1843.

My Dear Brother:—Why is it that I never receive a letter from you? Have you no time to write, or have you forgotten me?

I will not think it; not that you do not love me, for this would make me unhappy. Could you see my heart and know how much I love and think of you and sympathize with you, should I not receive a communication from you and thus be assured of your love and remembrance of me? It is not for the want of a heart that I do not write more and oftener to all my brothers and sisters, but for the want of health and strength to do it. Now I am deprived of the society of my beloved husband, I realize more than ever your situation; yet not its keenest pang, for ourselves is a voluntary and temporary separation, while yours is—I hardly know what to call it—an unwilling and unnecessary separation, at least on your part; yet I hope not a perpetual one. O that I could hear that you were once more united and happy in all the sweets of domestic bliss, for they are many, and when given us from the Lord, how we should prize them. Those are tender ties to be separated and hang bleeding all our life, but the Lord permits us thus to be afflicted. We should lean on Him for support. And may you, dear brother, realize as much of the blessed Saviour's gracious presence as I do in my lonely situation, and have it continued to you constantly. I, too, know the blessed effects of affliction to purify the heart and sanctify the soul; and, notwithstanding their keen smart and writhing pang, yet it is good to be afflicted; they are choice mercies to us, for when He has tried us, my brother, we shall come forth as gold. Our greatest care should be, not to murmur or complain of His trying dispensations towards us, but feel always more anxious to have them sanctified to us than to be delivered from them—for then "patience will have her perfect work."

O what would I give could I see you, for then I could pour a full heart into your bosom; but you have seen my better self, I hope, and enjoyed a sweet visit with him, for me as well as for him. You will write me, I know, by him. You will doubtless see my letter to father and mother. I have given the particulars of the past to them.

Recently, intelligence has come to us from above that the Indians are talking and making preparations for war. The visit of

the government's agent last fall has caused considerable excitement. All decisive measures and language used to them they construe into threats, and say war is declared and they intend to be prepared. They have heard many unwise remarks which have been made by designing persons, especially a half-breed that came up with the agent last fall. Such as troops are coming into the river this spring and are coming up with Dr. White to fight them. It is the Kaiuses that cause all trouble. There are no tribes in all the country but what are more quiet and peaceable to live with than they are. If any mischief is going ahead they originate and carry forward. They are more difficult to labour among than the Nez Perces. They are rich, especially in horses, and consequently haughty and insolent. A large assemblage is expected in less than a month to meet in the valley of Walla Walla. What the result of it will be, time will determine From the excitement and talk that has been going on all winter we have reason to fear that it will not be a very quiet time. The Indians of the Buffalo country have been sent for by the high chief of the Nez Perces, Ellis.

WALLA WALLA, April 14th, 1843.

My Dear Brother:—I arrived here last Saturday. Left Wascopum Monday, early April 3rd, and came with Mr. Grant, who was in charge of the Company's boats, three in number; had a pleasant and safe voyage; arrived greatly exhausted with fatigue but feel much benefited by the trip. Two days after I received a letter from Sister Littlejohn at Lapwai (Mrs. Spalding's), giving the afflicting news of the death of her only son by drowning. He fell into the mill floom and floated down out of sight into a deep pit and was not found until it was too late to bring him to life.

This makes the sixth person that has been drowned since November in this infant country; four adults and two children. Mr. Olley, of the Methodist mission, was drowned in the Wallamette about two months before Brother Rogers, and those with him.

What the Lord means by the removal of so many, we know not, but feel admonished to be also ready. Brother and Sister Littlejohn feel their affliction deeply, but are mercifully supported under it.

The excitement among the Kaiuses has abated considerable from what it was when I commenced this letter. Mr. McKinlay of this fort has been to Vancouver and brought back word to them from Dr. McLoughlin that they, the British, do not, neither have they intended to make war upon them. This relieves them considerably. Now their fear is the Americans. They have been led to believe that deceitful measures are being taken to rob them of their land, to kill them all off. Language like this has been told them, and at the meeting last fall, "that if you do not make laws and protect the whites and their property, we will put you in the way of doing it." They consider this a declaration to fight and they have prepared accordingly. We hope no depredations will be committed upon us or the mission property, and think the difficulties can be removed and adjusted to their minds, but not without the most prudent and wise measures. The agent is quite ignorant of Indian character and especially of the character of the Kaiuses. Husband's presence is needed very much at this juncture. A great loss is sustained by his going to the States, I mean a present loss to the station and Indians, but hope and expect a greater good will be accomplished by it. There was no other way for us to do. We felt that we could not remain as we was without more help, and we are so far off that to send by letter and get returns was too slow a way for the present emergency.

I intend to go up to Waiilatpu as soon as the water falls; it is so high now and is rising so that I cannot cross the rivers. I shall write some of the family by the mountain route; this I send by the express to Montreal.

Would it be a strange thing if I should see you coming to this country with my husband? You will write me to pay for this I hope. Remember I have not heard a word about the death of that sister yet, and perhaps still greater inroads have been

made in the dear circle that I have yet to be informed of. It will not be many years before we shall all be transplanted, and O may it be into the paradise above, and not one of us be missing.

I want very much to hear about your little daughter, yourself and all your affairs, and how you feel and live from day to day, and what you are doing for the cause of Christ. How does the doctor appear to you? How have you enjoyed your visit with him? Living alone in the midst of a savage people, without seeing much company, we lose our polish and doubtless would appear quite uncouth to the civilized world. This is one of the missionary's trials, because he is apt to be despised for it.

Love to all. Pray for your loving sister,

NARCISSA.

Your spectacles are of great use to me. I should not know how to do without them. My eyes have failed me almost entirely. I think sometimes I have reason to think of you pretty often. I should like a pair of green double plain glasses. Hope doctor will bring some. Farewell.

N.

Jonas Galusha Prentiss, Esq.,
Angelica, Allegheny County,
New York,
U. S. A.

WAIILATPU, August 23, 1842.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Cuba, My Dear Christian Friends:— I have this morning been thinking deeply upon our situation and wants as a mission, the spiritual condition of the native population, and the interests of the country at large as it respects the prosperity of the cause of Christ on the one hand and the extension of the powers and dominion of Romanism on the other. The thought occurred to me, I will sit down and write to this dear brother and sister, and solicit an interest in their prayers and those of their beloved charge for us; it may be it will give such a

spring to the work that angels will strike their harps anew, and a song of praise be put into the mouths of many who are now in the broad road to ruin. Think, if you please, of the solitary missionary labouring and toiling, without a single Aaron or Hur to stay up his hands! What slow progress must he make, if any at all, where the preaching and praying are all to be done by the same individual! Perhaps you will say, and justly, too, that we do pray for you continually. My dear friends, let me entreat you to offer up special prayer in our behalf, for we need it more than I can express. In the first place, we need more missionaries, and those of us who are now on the ground need your prayers eminently, not as those who have already attained unto perfect men and women in Christ, but as greatly in want of an enlargement in every Christian grace, if not an entire renovation of soul to God.

The Kayuses, Nez Perces, Spokans, and all the adjacent tribes need your prayers, for they are a dark-minded, wandering people, having hearts, but understand not the truth. I will give you the language of one of them in a talk made three Sabbaths ago. After listening to an exposition of the truth contained in Proverbs, 5th chapter, he said: "Your instruction is good; the wise and discreet appreciate it; for the mass of us, we hear it, but it falls powerless upon our hearts, and we remain the same still." I felt it deeply as a reproof for our unbelief, and want of faithful, earnest prayer in their behalf. The present is the harvest time with them. We know not how soon ardent spirits will be introduced into the country to distract and impede our work. Settlers are beginning to come around us, and their influence will not be the most congenial, as they are mostly men living with native women, who have for many years been wandering in the deep recesses of the mountains, indulging themselves in every species of vice and wickedness until, as one of them frankly confessed to me a short time since, they were wickeder than the Indians around them. Perhaps most of them have received the elements of a Christian education in their childhood years, and some have Christian parents. These, also, are eminently a subject for your prayers.

Romanism stalks abroad on our right hand and on our left, and with daring effrontery boasts that she is to prevail and possess the land. I ask, must it be so? Does it not remain for the people of God in this and Christian lands to say whether it shall be so or not? "Is not the Lord on our side?" "If He is for us, who can be against us." The zeal and energy of her priests are without a parallel, and many, both white men and Indians, wander after the beasts. Two are in the country below us, and two far above in the mountains. One of the latter is to return this fall to Canada, the States and the eastern world for a large reinforcement. How true—"while men slept, the enemy came and sowed tares." Had a pious, devoted minister, a man of talent, come into the country when we did and established himself at Vancouver, to human appearance the moral aspect of this country would not be the same as it is now; at least, we think Papacy would not have gained such a footing. But the past cannot now be retrieved. It remains for us to redeem the time; to stand in our lines and fight manfully the battles of the Lord.

We send our imploring cry to you and ask, who will come to our help and who, remaining, will sustain us in the work by the mighty power of prayer? Without it, our work will be in vain, and perhaps worse than in vain.

We have a concert of prayer on Tuesday evenings, called the Oregon Concert, in which the members of this mission and our Methodist brethren and sisters in the lower country unite to pray for the success of the cause of Christ in Oregon.

It may be interesting to you to know something of what has been done since we came here. The missionaries in this field, as all Indian missions, have not only the spiritual wants of the people to attend to, but are obliged to provide for their own sustenance and comfort by cultivating land, building houses, mills, etc.,and school houses, etc., for the people. These greatly divide his mind from his more appropriate mission work, and fill it with distracting cares, causing him to mourn and be filled with grief that so little is accomplished for the soul, the immortal

part of man. Yet we have the satisfaction to feel that good has been and is done to them through this channel, and as well as the more direct way of instruction.

The Kayuses, almost to a man, have their little farms now in every direction in this valley, and are adding to it as their means and experience increases.

[Remainder of this letter missing.—Sec'y.]

WAIILATPU, Sept. 29th, 1842.

My Dear Jane and Edward:—I sit down to write you, but in great haste. My beloved husband has about concluded to start next Monday to go to the United States, the dear land of our birth; but I remain behind. I could not undertake the journey, if it was considered best for me to accompany him, that is to travel as he expects to. He hopes to reach the borders in less than three months, if the Lord prospers his way. It is a dreadful journey, especially at this season of the year; and as much as I want to see you all, I cannot think of ever crossing the mountains again—my present health will not admit of it. I would go by water, if a way was ever open; but I have no reason to think I ever shall.

If you are still in Quincy you may not see him until his return, as his business requires great haste. He wishes to reach Boston as early as possible so as to make arrangements to return next summer, if prospered. The interests of the missionary cause in this country calls him home.

Now, dear Jane, are you going to come and join me in my labours? Is dear Edward so far advanced as not to need your aid any more? Do you think you would be contented to come and spend the remainder of your life on mission ground? If so, make your mind known to husband and he will make arrangements for you at Boston to come. Count the cost well before you undertake it. It is a dreadful journey to cross the mountains,

and becoming more and more dangerous every year; but if any mission families come, you will find no difficulty in placing yourself under their protection. Bring nothing with you but what you need for the way, and a Sunday suit, a Bible and some devotional book for your food by the way. Send the remainder by ship. When E. has well finished his education, I hope he will come, also, for there will be work enough here to do by that time. At any rate, if you do not come, spend, if you please, all the time you can in writing me until he comes back, for he wishes to return next summer. Now do not disappoint me, for I have not heard a word from either of you since March, 1840. I have written you much since that time, but it may not have reached you.

I shall be left alone at this station for a season, until Mr. Gray can send some one up from below to take the charge; and he has left the mission and goes to engage in a public school. I hope to have Mr. Rogers or Mr. Littlejohn to winter here—the latter wishes to return to the States in the spring.

Now, dear J. and E., adieu. I hope you will see husband long enough to have a good visit with him. I hope he will call as he goes along. If he has time, he will, but his business requires haste, if he returns next spring.

Please give much love to Mr. and Mrs. Beardsley; tell her I shall never cease to remember and love her, and ardently hope they will both write me. I should like to hear of the different members of her family with whom I used to be acquainted.

Gladly would I write more if I could, but must write a line to other friends. Pray for me and mine while we are separated from each other.

Much love from myself to you both.

Affectionately your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I have forgotten to speak of husband's company in travel. He is Mr. A. L. Lovejoy, a lawyer who came up from the

States this summer, and now is willing and anxious to return for the good he may do in returning. He will probably come back again. He is not a Christian, but appears to be an intelligent, interesting man.

N. W.

Mr. Edward W. Prentiss,
Mission Institute,
Quincy, Illinois.
Favour of Dr. Whitman. Care of Rev. Wm. Beardsley.

WAIILATPU, Sept. 30th, 1842.

My Beloved Parents, Brothers and Sisters:—You will be surprised if this letter reaches you to learn that the bearer is my dear husband, and that you will, after a few days, have the pleasure of seeing him. May you have a joyful meeting. He goes upon important business as connected with the missionary cause, the cause of Christ in this land, which I will leave for him to explain when you see him, because I have not time to enlarge. He has but yesterday fully made up his mind to go, and he wishes to start Monday, and this is Friday. I shall be left quite alone at this station for a season as Mr. G. and family leave for the Wallamette to engage in a public school, and is dismissed from this mission. I hope to have Mr. Rogers and wife to come and winter here, or Mr. Littlejohn, perhaps both, and next summer I intend going below and spending some time in visiting for the benefit of my health, that is to relieve myself from care so that I shall have an opportunity to recruit. Now, dear mother will wonder why I could not come with him. My health, the season of the year, the speed with which he expects to travel, and the danger of the way, are reasons which make it impossible for me to accompany him. As much as I do desire to see my beloved friends once more, yet I cheerfully consent to remain behind, that the object of his almost immediate presence in the land of our birth might, if possible, be accomplished. He wishes to cross the mountains during this month, I mean October, and

reach St. Louis about the first of Dec., if he is not detained by the cold, or hostile Indians. O may the Lord preserve him through the dangers of the way. He has for a companion Mr. Lovejoy, a respectable, intelligent man and a lawyer, but not a Christian, who expects to accompany him all the way to Boston, as his friends are in that region, and perhaps to Washington. This is a comfort to me, and that he is not to go alone, or with some illiterate mountain man, as we at first expected he would be obliged to. He goes with the advice and entire confidence of his brethren in the mission, and who value him not only as an associate, but as their physician, and feel, as much as I do, that they know not how to spare him; but the interest of the cause demands the sacrifice on our part; and could you know all the circumstances in the case you would see more clearly how much our hearts are identified in the salvation of the Indians and the interests of the cause generally in this country.

I cannot write but little, as I wish to give several of my friends at least a line or two to encourage them to remember me when he returns. He hopes to come back next summer, and I do hope each one of my brethren and sisters will tell me their own story on paper themselves, for husband will have so much business on his mind to attend to that he will not remember half you say to him. And will not dear father and mother write me with their own hand long letters? It will be, indeed, such a compensation for our separation, and I trust I shall feel a sufficient reward for permitting him to leave me behind and to make his visit alone to you. Forgive me, dear mother, if he is the sole theme of this letter; I can write about nothing else at this time. He is inexpressibly dear to me. Once when Mr. Lee left his wife and she died in his absence, I thought I never could consent to be left so, but since the death of our beloved A. Clarissa, the sundering of that strong and tender tie has, I trust, loosened my affections to earthly objects, or in other words divided my heart by removing that tender object of a mother's love to my heavenly home, thus admonishing me to hold my affections more in subserviency to His blessed will for objects of earth, however strong the ties may be, and increased my attachments above. It seems we have an-

other object added to increase our attachments to the home, which our Saviour has gone to prepare for us.

I have just heard of the death of Sister M. A. Judson, but know nothing of the particulars, but hope to this fall by ship. I long to know more about it. I hope Brother J. is supported.

I hope you will have a long visit with your son and brother, and a profitable one, and be cheered by it, and may he be preserved to return again. I can write no more. Adieu, my beloved parents, brothers and sisters. May the rich blessings of heaven rest upon us all, and we be so happy as to meet in heaven.

Affectionately yours,

N. WHITMAN.

P. S.—I hear that Sister H. is a mother. I hope she and her husband will write me, also sister Clarissa and her husband, and J. G. I have written to that brother, but have received none from him. I would write to brother J. G. if I had time. He and all others must receive my dear husband as my living epistle to them and write me by him. N. W.

Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Angelica, Allegany Co.,
New York.
Favour of Dr. Whitman.

VANCOUVER, June 8th, 1843.

My Beloved Brother and Sister Perkins:—I have but a moment's notice of an opportunity of sending to you. Your trunk was forgotten by us all and brought on. I would send it now if I could, but Iatin says his boat is too small for that and his sheep. I felt very sad after leaving you, particularly as my visit had been so marred with what transpired while passing. I was grieved to see it affect you, as it was very natural it should. But there is

this consolation to comfort you, and in this case it is yours to rejoice when you are persecuted for righteousness' sake.

I had a very fatiguing journey down; came near drowning in the portage once. One of the boats upset, but no lives lost The boat I was in just escaped capsizing. We arrived here just before sunset, Sabbath; displeased with myself and every one around me because of the profanation of the holy day of the Lord.

Brother Hinds left this Tuesday morning. Dr. Barclay advises that I remain here nearly a month that he may be able to satisfy himself respecting my case.

This is but a poor return for the two good long letters I have received from Brother P. and the one from sister, yet I have a heart filled with gratitude and Christian sympathy and love for you and those little ones associated with you.

Do write as often as you can, both of you.

Ever yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Do not pay for these letters.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 30th, 1844.

Beloved Sister:—I received your kind letter and the accompanying book, a short time since and enjoyed to hear that the blessings of our kind Heavenly Father are still resting upon you and yours. May they still be continued and your precious lives be preserved long for the poor heathen's sake.

I will do as you desire and forward the memoir of Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Eells, as I shall have a good opportunity by my husband when he goes to attend upon Mrs. Walker, the last of next month.

After I arrived at Walla Walla last fall, I spent a week there, and during the time I wrote several letters and sent back by the

express. Since that time I have not been able to write to any one. I was not well when I left W. W., yet I thought I could endure to ride here in one day in a wagon, but it proved too much for me. We were in the evening late before we could reach home, as they had to go slow on my account, and I took cold. For six weeks after, I scarcely left my room and most of the time was confined to my bed more or less;—could take no care of my family, or but little. Indeed, I was in a much more miserable state than I was last winter while with you. About the twentieth of Dec. I was taken very suddenly with the inflammation of the bowels, and for a few days my life was despaired of. But the Lord in His infinite mercy directed and blessed means for my restoration in answer to prayer.

Since that time I have gradually gained my usual strength so that I am able to see to my domestic concerns more than I have any time since my return. I have not suffered from the disease I took medicine for last summer, but a new and more precarious one has discovered itself, since my return, yet of long standing. It consists of an organic affection of the main artery below the heart, a beating tumour which is liable to burst and extinguish life at any moment. There is no remedy for it, so I never expect to enjoy better health than I do at present; never do I expect to continue long on the earth.

You expressed an assurance that I enjoyed the presence of my Saviour in my affliction. It has, indeed, been so for the most of the time. I feel that His mercies are very great to me and that I can say with the Apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." So long as it pleases Him to spare my life, I should like to live for my family and the poor Indians' sake. Notwithstanding I felt such a dread to return to this place of moral darkness, after enjoying so much of civilized life and Christian privileges, yet now I am here, I am happy and love my work and situation and desire to live long to see the cause of Christ advanced in this dark land. Indeed, I think I never enjoyed the privilege of being a missionary better than this winter, although I cannot do but little if any more than instruct my family and pray for and sustain the hands of my dear husband in his labours.

My family consists of six children and a Frenchman that came from the mountains and stops with us without invitation. Mary Ann, however, is with Mrs. Littlejohn now. Two English girls, Ann and Emma Hobson, one 13 and the other 7, of the party stopped with us; husband engaged to take them in the first part of the journey, but when they arrived here they went directly to W. Walla, being persuaded not to stay by some of the party on account of the Indians. When I arrived at W. W. they saw me and made themselves known to me and expressed a desire to come home with me. The girls were so urgent to stop that I could not well refuse them, and their father was obliged to give them up. I felt unwilling to increase my family at that time, but now have no reason to regret it, as they do the greater part of my work and go to school besides. I should like to keep on and tell you how I found things when I reached home; but this sheet is full; I will, however, take another and direct it to Sister Perkins, and as it is but the continuation of this, I presume she will allow you the privilege of reading it. I sympathize with you and Mrs. M. in the affliction of a broken breast. Please remember me to her if with you.

We send you a bunch of twine and desire to exchange it for some shoe thread if you are willing and can spare it.

I often think and dream of you and the scenes of the past. Neither do I forget you in my weak supplications at a throne of grace and the people for whom you labour; but especially at the seasons of our mothers' meetings do I feel a meeting of hearts around the mercy seat clearer and sweeter to me than all this earth can afford.

Kind regards to your dear husband, and please give many kisses to the sweet babes for me.

Your sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, Jan. 31st, 1844.

Beloved Sister:--My story was so long that I could not put it all on one sheet, so I told Sister Brewer I would take another and direct it to you, for I presume you would allow her the perusal. Before I begin, however, I will speak of the interest of this day to us as mothers, it being the last Wednesday of the month, and according to our constitution we have agreed to observe it as a day of fasting and prayer on our own account and our children's. It did not occur to me last winter while I was with you. It is a change that has been recently made in our constitution. It is a pleasing thought to feel that on this day our hearts centre at one point, namely, the Mercy Seat, with all our interesting charges in our arms as the mothers of old were agreed in bringing their children to the Saviour while on the earth. Although we are so widely separated in person, yet we meet there and feel that our hearts are one for our object is one, and a dear one, too, to every mother's heart. O when shall we be permitted to see these heathen mothers as anxious and enjoy as much comfort in bringing their children to the Saviour in such meetings as is their privilege to? Perhaps you may live to see it, but I have no reason to think I shall. I have written to Sister B. the particulars concerning my health to which I must refer you. I must begin my story, or I shall not be able to finish it even on this sheet.

When I arrived home, I found Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn occupying my bedroom. She was sick, having been confined a few days before I came. The room east of the kitchen, Mr. East and family occupied--four children, all small. Mr. Looney, with a family of six children and one young man by the name of Smith, were in the Indian room. My two boys, Perrin Whitman and David, slept up-stairs. Alex., the Frenchman, in the kitchen, and Mary Ann and Helen in the trundle-bed in the room with Mr. Littlejohn. The dining room alone remained for me, husband and my two English girls; all of these were fed from our table except Mr. Looney's family, and our scanty fare consisted of potatoes and corn meal, with a little milk occasionally, and

cakes from the burnt wheat. This was a great change for me from the well furnished tables of Waskopum and Willamette.

Thus it continued for four weeks with the exception of the slaying of a lean hog as often as required. Besides those fed at our table, there were three families in Mr. Gray's house that were supplied with provisions by us; one a widow woman with three children, whose husband was drowned in crossing the Snake river, and another with four, and an aged couple. These constitute the foreign inhabitants of Waiilatpu.

In about five weeks after my return, Mr. L. and family removed into a room prepared for them over the cellar, Mr. Looney to the Prince's house up the river, and Mr. East to Mr. Spalding's, taking with them one of the daughters of Mrs. Eyers, the widow, to live with Mrs. S. During all this period and for some time after I was to sick too make any effort at arranging my house, or to have the care of my family, and the confusion and noise distressed me exceedingly, for every child about the house, my own with the rest, were as wild and uncontrollable as so many wild animals.

As soon as Mrs. L. recovered her health and got settled, she opened a school for the children of the white inhabitants which numbers fifteen scholars. Now our children are quite tame and manageable and we feel that they are all enjoying a great privilege. How many times I have thought of Henry and Ellen and wished they could enjoy the same. For about a month past my health has so much improved that I have had strength to set some part of my house in order by degrees and to relieve my husband in his care of the family in a good measure. He never expects me to be anything more than an invalid, consequently my labours will be circumscribed.

I hope your dear husband will favour us with his presence at our expected meeting, accompanied by Mr. Lee.

In all things I desire to be submissive to the will of my Saviour, although at times I have felt that it was trying to be taken away in the midst of my days and without accomplishing more

for Christ. The Lord's time is the best for us if we can always feel it to be so, which I desire to do.

Do pray for your unworthy sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Elvira Perkins,
Waskopum.

WAIILATPU, April 24, 1844.

Dear Sister Brewer:—I hear that you are alone and I thought I would write a little to comfort, or at least to assure you that I have not forgotten you or yours, although I am unable to write as much as I would like to. Your letter, together with the accompaning ones, came in a good time when they did us much good, and I have wanted very much to reply to them earlier, but have felt too unwell most of the time, or had so much care I could not find time when I was able. You have had the trouble of entertaining our winter visitors, and longer, too, I fear, than you knew how. I sympathize with you and hope provisions have not been as short with you as us, but fear they have been more so. We were greatly in hopes that we should have one of your number to visit with us this spring, but it seems Mr. and Mrs. P. and family have gone below. I hear nothing from Sister Abernethy nor any of them below; I desire to very much. I wish you could visit us this summer—will you not try? It would be so refreshing. Do come—all of you. How I do desire to enjoy another refreshing season of divine worship and social privileges, such as I used to last summer. But I do not know as I may ever in this world.

Our Indians have been very much excited this spring, but are now quiet. The influx of emigration is not a going to let us live in as much quiet, as it regards the people, as we have done.

I must close. This is a miserable letter and not worth reading; I have written in such haste. But this one thing be assured, I still love and think of you with increased interest, and if we

meet no more in this world, it gives me joy to think we may meet in Heaven and there, being washed white in the blood of the Lamb, Praise Him continually.

Affectionately yours,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Waskopum.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 18th, 1844.

Mrs. Lydia E. Porter, My Dear Sister:—It is impossible for me to describe the many pleasing associations that entwined around my heart as I perused the three tokens of affectionate remembrance received by the hand of my husband, from the friends of my early youth, the dearest friends of my heart, and friends of my Saviour, too. It would have been an indescribable favour to have participated with him in the visit; but this could not have been, short as it was. It is a great satisfaction to me and was to him to have seen your faces again in the flesh. That I shall ever be permitted to visit my dear native Prattsburg again is very uncertain. I do not desire to, so long as my poor inefficient services are needed here, much as I should enjoy the visit. I had rather try to induce my friends to come and see me and seek a home in Oregon. A wide door of usefulness is open here to the philanthropic and benevolent heart. Multitudes are flocking to this land and will continue to in still greater numbers, and for every purpose. And our anxious desire is that the salt of the earth should be found among them, also that this entire country may be seasoned with heavenly influence from above. The powers of darkness have long held their undivided sway over this land, and we feel that Satan will not quietly yield his dominions to another. He is on the alert with all his hosts, and in as many ways as he has numbers employed to gain the entire victory to keep and drive from the field all who molest or disturb his quiet. Many souls are here for whom Christ died, and multitudes more

unconcerned are hastening to this far-distant land to seek their fortune of wordly goods, regardless of their treasure in heaven. But thanks be to the hearer of prayer, many already have found Christ in Oregon, who have long rejected him in a gospel land. Last summer while husband was absent, I had the unspeakable happiness of attending two meetings of days at different places—while on a visit to the Willamette among our Methodist friends. Almost every soul was affected with divine truth and many, we trust, found peace in believing.

I left the station soon after husband's departure and spent the winter with Messrs. Lee, Perkins and Brewer's families, of the Methodist mission. My health was quite poor, indeed I was unable to ride to any of the stations of our mission, and being invited and desirous of visiting them, I availed myself of the opportunity of a passage down the river in the express boats. In April, returned to the station, and in June went to Vancouver and the Willamette on a visit, as there was no female society at the station. I enjoyed my visit much; having been so long from the civilized world, it seemed good to get among Christians once more. I was in the Willamette when husband arrived at this place. He could not come for me as he had to visit Brother Spalding's on an express, as Sister S. was then at the point of death and had been dangerously ill for some time. But she has been mercifully spared to us, and is now enjoying comfortable health. From Mr. S. he returned to the station to make arrangements for imparting provisions to the emigrants, which took all the station raised the past year, leaving us to obtain our supplies from Brother Spalding. Immediately he was obliged to go a hundred and sixty miles to Brother Eells to attend Sister E. in her expected confinement. Before he returned I was making my way up the river under the protection of Rev. Jason Lee, superintendent of that mission, who was coming up as far as their mission at the Dalls. It was at this place we met after a separation of little more than a year, rejoicing in the mercy of God to us both in sparing our lives and permitting us to see each other again. We came home immediately and re-organized our family which had increased considerably. My health, which before had been

very feeble, was most precarious for three months after my return. At one time I was brought very near the gates of death. I am at present by no means perfectly well, but am more comfortable than I then feared I ever should be. I desire to spend the remnant of my day to the glory of God, and to be in constant readiness for my departure, for I feel that it is not far distant.

Truly you and your dear husband have been deeply afflicted in the death of so many members of your beloved families. I feel to sympathize with you and your truly bereaved and aged father. Please present my love and kindest remembrances to him. I could not keep from weeping in hearing my husband's interesting description of him. Surely, what has he to bind him to earth when the most of his beloved family is in heaven. I love to think of them there as my own dear friends, for I hope soon to be with them.

Husband has been writing to Father Hotchkiss concerning this country, what I hope your dear husband will see, and with other friends be prevailed upon to come to this country and adopt it as your own. Be assured nothing would give us greater pleasure than to see some of our Prattsburg friends here in Oregon.

I sincerely hope you will write me often, for I am anxious to hear more particulars concerning Mrs. Leland's death and her surviving family. You know not how much I enjoyed the reading of the Pastor's Wife which Mr. Malin kindly sent me. I had written her, as also Mrs. O. L. Porter, but have received no answers.

Please remember me affectionately to each member of your family, your Brother V. and P.'s family, and all Christian friends who may inquire. Forget not to write concerning your own dear children and your maternal association, for I desire much to know of its prosperity; also of the cause of Christ generally.

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. Lydia C. Porter,
Prattsburg,
Steuben County, N. Y.
Favour of W. Gilpin.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
May 20th 1844.

My Dear Clarissa:—I am glad you have begun to write me. I hope it will not be the last one I shall receive from you. You cannot do me so much good in any way, except by praying for me, as in writing me all about yourselves and beloved children. I want to see how you look and how you live. I try to be faithful on my part, although I have not so much time as you, and many more correspondents. My husband's visit was very short, too much so to gain all the information I was in hopes he would bring me. Yet I am glad he has seen you, although I have not had the privilege. It would give me great enjoyment to visit you once more, but I cannot expect it; I am a missionary, and therefore cannot seek after comfort merely, but must be content to stay where I am and do the Lord's work. Believe me, dear sister, I am most perfectly so. I would not be otherwise situated so long as the Lord wants me here.

You and sister Harriet seem anxious to make me laugh. Perhaps if you could see me you would not desire to. I feel but little disposition to, I can assure you, for I have more around me and within, to make me cry than to make me laugh. In the first place, my health is poor, and I feel as if I was not very far from Eternity. My family cares are numerous. I feel sometimes as if I had almost as many children as mother, although they are not my own. Yet I have the same care of them as if I was their own mother; and the native children are more difficult to manage than our own. Besides these, I have a sluggish heart within that requires constant watching. I desire to be cheerful, because that is a duty; but I find it hard work always to be so, especially when husband was gone. But the Lord supported me, else I could not have been at all.

For two weeks past Mrs. McKinlay has been here. She came to stay during her confinement, as there are no females at the Fort. She boards with Sister Littlejohn, who lives in the east wing of our house over the cellar. This morn we were called about four o'clock and in a short time she was delivered of a fine son. This

is her second child born in this house. She had a daughter born two years ago now that died last fall with the croup.

Dear C., do you think we shall ever see you in Oregon? Husband has been writing to father and others, to hold out inducements for our friends to come into this country.

The Indians are roused a good deal at seeing so many emigrants, but they are foolish enough to wish to sell their lands.

Husband tells me that you and mother are in the same house ogether and that Harriet is close by. I think you must be happy n so many of you being so near together and having father and mother with you.

I wish they would come and live with me. True, they are considerably advanced, and you think too old to cross the Rocky mountains. We wintered an old couple last winter that had followed their children to this country, for the sake of benefiting them in the things of this world. They were considerable older than father and mother. They came in wagons all the way, and was sick, particularly the woman, most all the way. But the past winter she has fleshed and regained her health, better than it had been for years, notwithstanding our living was very plain—good beef, potatoes and cornmeal—no milk nor butter through the winter. We find it very good to dispense with horse beef and have plenty of cow beef in its place.

I do not know as I should be more surprised to see them than to see many that I have seen. True, it would be very fatiguing and distressing to both mind and body, for them both. I cannot say that I desire they should endure so much fatigue and suffering in their old age as they would necessarily to come and see me, unless there was a more ennobling object; but for a young couple just beginning in life, perhaps there is not a place where they would do better. Please tell Harriet that I shall not be able to answer her letter at this mail, as I have my Rushville friends to answer yet. Soon we hope to have a monthly mail to pass back and forth from here to the States, then I hope to receive letters often.

Remember me affectionately to your husband and all the friends there.

Ever your affectionate sister,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. Clarissa P. Kinny,
Cuba, Allegheny Co.,
New York.

Favour of W. Gilpin.

WAIILATPU, Aug. 5th, 1844.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—Tilaukikt is about starting for the Willamette, and I take the opportunity of replying to yours of June 10th, which was thankfully received. We know well how to sympathize with you in having such boys as Eli and Thomas about you, and for the trouble of those families in passing. We are all of us, I suppose, on the eve of another such scene as last fall—the passing of emigrants—and as it falls the heavier upon my friends at the Dalls, I hope they have laid in a good stock of strength, patience and every needed grace for the siege. We have had no news from that quarter as yet, but cannot think it will be long before we shall hear.

We hear Mr. and Mrs. Gary are visiting you. Last week we sent an invitation to Mr. G. in a letter to Mr. Perkins, to have him visit us accompanied by Brother P. and any other member of your mission who could conveniently come, and we have been looking for and anxiously desire to see them. Perhaps our letter may not have been received. By the by, we never heard in all of our correspondence from the lower country, that there was a Mrs. Gary until our letters and papers from the Islands arrived. If she is still with you, please do me the favour to present her our Christian salutations and a hearty welcome to Oregon, our adopted home.

We should be happy to have her visit us at the present time, if convenient. I can imagine myself with you, particularly in

your enjoyments, both social and spiritual, and if it would be right, could envy you. Is Brother and Sister Waller there? We have heard that they were coming to the Dalls, but not that they were come. Do write us when you can. It does us good to know that you all are enjoying such privileges, if we must be deprived of them. I think my husband would have made you a visit if he could have known that it was not convenient for any of your number to come to Waiilatpu.

I wrote Sister Perkins last week. The Indian leaves this morning, and as I write in haste, you will please excuse the brevity of this note. I should like to hear the result of the late camp meeting.

Love to you all, in which the doctor unites.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, Feb. 20th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I do not recollect that I am indebted to you, but having a favourable opportunity of sending, and feeling desirous of a social chat with you, I have seated myself to write, although my baby is whining and the children are busy about me like so many bees.

I am anticipating very much enjoyment from your contemplated visit to us this season. I hope you will not disappoint us. Please let me know about the time when you will probably come.

I have had a very happy winter in labouring for my family of orphans, and other reasons. The Lord so mercifully provided me with a fellow labourer that I feel I never can be sufficiently thankful. I think I mentioned when I wrote last that we had an excellent school, and that our children were improving rapidly; and perhaps I spoke, too, of the conversion of the teacher to God. A kind Providence brought him to our door, and he had

not been here many days before, like the prodigal in a far country, he came to himself, and remembering the many prayers and admonitions of parental love, his former convictions and strivings of the Spirit, together with the long suffering patience and loving kindness of his Heavenly Father, he resolved to return, and in deep contrition, consecrated himself to his divine Master. Now he contemplates studying for the ministry, and with this view remains with us for a season and will teach school, or, at least, give one lesson a day through the summer, and next winter keep a regular one.

Since his conversion, Mr. Hinman has laboured indefatigably in Sabbath-school and otherwise for the benefit of the youths and children that have been with us the winter past, and much good seed has been sown which we doubt not will be felt hereafter.

I write in so much confusion, that I shall be obliged to stop before I have said what I wish to.

Husband is so much engaged in fitting out and settling with the immigrants that he wishes me to apologize to your husband for him. He would write, if possible. He sends some corn as Mr. B. requested. He has none that has been particularly saved for seed; but will, next fall, if desired, save and send some New York corn, which we find to be very suitable for the country. Some beets and acorn squash seeds are in the bag with the corn. The others you requested, we have none.

Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, to your husband and self and all the dear children, and believe me, in haste,

Yours affectionately,

N. W.

Mrs L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.

WAIILATPU, May 19th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—My husband and our dear Brother Hinman are about to visit you, and I wish very much I could enjoy it with them. I have been looking for a visit from you and Brother Brewer, and regret very much that you have not been here at the time you mentioned, for both Mr. Walker's and Mr. Eells' families have been here. Why did you not come? I am afraid now you will not let me see you this summer; do come if you can when the doctor returns. How I should like to converse with you about your and our trials, hopes, fears and prospects in the missionary work. I cannot write much now, but hope you will enjoy the company of those who go from here and be of mutual benefit to each other. We were permitted while the mission was here to receive Brother Hinman into our church. It was an interesting time not soon to be forgotten. Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, your dear husband, and kiss the dear children for me. Have you heard from Brother Perkins lately? and also, Mr. J. Lee, is he coming back?

Yours in love,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Hinman.

WAIILATPU, August 9th, 1845.

My Dear Sister:—Your sympathizing letter came in just the time to do me much good. I thank you for it, and for the information it contained concerning Francisco, and the feelings of the party with whom he traveled, about the orphan children with us. I read your letter to John; he seemed quite hurt about Mr. P.'s charge, and said that he (Mr. P.) asked him several times if he did not wish to go to the Willamette. I saw nothing to

make me think that John wished to have his brother go; but, on the contrary, he and all the sisters tried to keep him and appeared to feel very bad about his going. If it were otherwise, his actions deceive me very much.

You are right in saying that I "feel indifferent to what is said about me, so far as I am concerned individually." I endeavour in all things to act towards the children as if they were my own. My sincere, ardent and abiding wish is to train them up for God and eternity, and not for their transient existence in this life. I try to study my duty towards them in every respect, both carefully and prayerfully. We felt it our duty to have them baptized, as many as were willing to be, and accordingly we did so, the girls only consenting. I felt it a great privilege to do so still, and am greatly strengthened in spirit to labour for them.

I do not think them difficult children to manage, neither do I have occasion often to use the rod. The little one, as all other little children do, manifested a stubborn disposition at first, which required subduing; since she has appeared well—obeys promptly when spoken to. I have no reason to regret the course I have pursued with her, when I consider the effects upon her disposition, naturally very obstinate, as well as all the others. Doubtless this is what has occasioned the remarks, for it took place about the time Francisco went away. Louise, the next older, I have not been able to subdue so completely; but she is much better than when she first came. They were said to be very bad children when they were left; but there was a reason for that. Left without restraint in such a journey, it could not be expected otherwise. Putting them all in school immediately under such a good and faithful disciplinarian as Mr. Hinman, I was entirely relieved of the difficult and hard task of breaking them in to habits of obedience and order. I feel that I never can be too thankful for the mercies of the Lord in placing such a good young man in our family to do this work for us when my health was so inadequate to the work, and the doctor so entirely taken up with other duties with emigrants and Indians. He has also, accomplished the tedious task of starting them all in a, b, c, and

ba, be, etc. They are so well advanced and have been trained to such good habits of study, that my labour is comparatively easy, and I am now taking new delight every day in teaching. All except Louise read and spell well. She is in words of three letters. Some, or all of the older ones, are showing considerable mind and rather seriously inclined. Our Sabbath-school is always an interesting season with us—increasingly so. I am desirous to see them Christians. What I do I feel that I ought to do immediately; and will you pray for me, my dear sister, that our instructions may not be lost upon them? I could write much more upon this subject, but have not time. I wish I could see you, then we could open our hearts freely to each other. Do come if you can and see us.

I do feel, as I have every reason to believe you do, that the receipt of our Mother's Magazine is an unspeakable favour. Situated as we are, away from other help, what a blessing to possess such a pleasing auxiliary in our labours as mothers. I hope and pray that its introduction into this country will be the means of much good. Husband sent the one that came to Mrs. Perkins to Mrs. Willson. Perhaps Mrs. Waller would have preferred to have had it continued to her in the room of Mrs. Perkins. I do not know as Mrs. Willson wishes to become responsible for it; if not, and Mrs. W. would, it can be sent to her. Other numbers can be ordered if desired.

I received from the editor receipts for each subscriber. Yours I will enclose and forward at this time. If husband had opened my package, he would have been able to have distributed them to all. You will see that it is given for a little more than the doctor settled for, the bound volume being twenty-five cents more than the unbound ones. Mrs. McKinlay has all the back bound volumes sent to her order.

But I must close. If you can read this poorly written letter, I shall be glad. It would be no more than justice to your good sense to copy it, but inability from poor health and numerous cares, pleads to be excused. Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller and your husband in which husband unites. Please

accept of our united thanks for your kindness to him in passing. He enjoyed his visit with you and in the Willamette very much.

Affectionately yours,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

P. S.—John sends an invitation to his brother, and a horse to have him come back. I hope it will have the effect to prevail on him to do so. I feel much for him and wish him to return, as all of us do, and pray the Lord to restore the wanderer to our arms again.

WAIILATPU, Nov. 28th, 1845.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—I seize a moment this morning to write you, although it is in the midst of bustle and Indian excitement. Mr. Rinearson will hand you this. He has been engaged by us in teaching an Indian school. He is a very agreeable and good young man in every respect, except he lacks the one thing needful. He will be our living epistle to you concerning the state of things with us. It may be that we shall be obliged to leave here in the spring. The state of things looks now very much as though we should be required to.

We have long been anxious to hear from you. From Indian reports, we fear that you have been through a season of trial and distress the season past before unknown. If so, I hope the strength and grace of God has been your support and consolation through all your afflictions.

I feel greatly worn out, both physically and mentally, so that I scarcely feel strength enough of mind left to dictate any thing that will be worth reading. But I felt that I could not let this opportunity pass without just saying to you that we often think and speak of you both, and Brother and Sister Waller, too; love and sympathize with you as fellow sharers in the same labour, trials, faith and patience, in the work of our Divine Master.

For the poor Indians' sake and the relief of future travelers to this country, I could wish to stay here longer if we could do it in peace. We fear, sometimes, as if our quietness was past for this country, at least for a season. It may be that you are suffering under the same commotions that affect us, and perhaps more so. If so, you will understand me. Mr. Rinearson has a full view of the subjects agitated, takes a deep interest in our situation and prospects, as well as the interest of the Indians and country.

I received your letter by Mr. Spalding and was much refreshed by it, and I believe I have not written you since.

Please give my love to Brother and Sister Waller, and accept for yourself and husband our assurances of continued esteem and affection.

Your sister in Christ,

N. WHITMAN.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Rinearson.

WAIILATPU, April 2d, 1846.

My Dear Edward:—You can imagine better than I can describe how glad I was to receive your token of remembrance, together with the letters from yourself and Jane last September, as two of the emigrants called on us to deliver them. Your letters, Edward, were just the thing for me. I like such kind of letters as show me the spirit and make of the writer. I cannot see how it should be so difficult for you or the girls to write me, and should think you might write me five or six times a year instead of once in two or more years. I really believe if you were situated as I am you never would write at all. Think of me now while I am attempting to write—half a dozen children making a noise around me, and to put on the climax, the doctor must come in, and taking a paper sit down and read aloud or talk to Mr. Rogers,

who is sitting in the room; then in comes an Indian woman or two to sell some dry berries, and I must stop to attend to them, until I am quite lost and scarcely know what I am thinking about, especially when I have nearly twenty letters to write, and but little time to accomplish it in; but enough of this.

I have just asked the doctor what I should say to you about your coming to Oregon. He says there is no want of inducement for you to come, and he intends to write you some of them at least; but the only qualification you need, he says, is *a wife*, and then you must bring Jane. I do not know what you will say to that. If there were any here to be had, I should prefer to have you come without; but as there is none, and to make the trip twice to get one would be dubious; for this reason, if you could find a good one, by all means get her and come on, and bring Jane with you. You cannot tell how anxious I am to see you. I have been looking for you more or less for several years past. You know not how disappointed I was that the doctor did not bring Jane with him. He wants to have her here as much as I do; but the reason he did not bring her was—(you will laugh when I tell you)—the Indians would say that he had got tired of me and taken another wife, as they do, or was wishing to have two wives. Don't be frightened at this, Jane, and stay away, but by all means come, both of you. We have work enough for all of you to do, and want your help very much. It is a pleasant, healthy country to live in. When once here you will not wish to go away again. It is a bad job to get here, but make the best of that you can and come. I do wish Mr. Pope and his lady would come. Good men are needed here and he would do well for himself. Jane might have come with husband if he had known in season of some good family for her to come in, but it will be pleasanter for her to come with her brother.

The journey is a trying one to the faith and hopes of Christians. Should you come I hope you will look well to the exercises of your own heart and never neglect to watch and pray. Hold sweet communion with God every day. Make it a point not to neglect this duty and you will be assisted to make the journey

without having to experience the bitter reflection after your arrival of dishonouring God and your profession by the way.

Dear brother, this is the most important subject to be looked at in making a journey to this country. "See that ye fall not out by the way," was Joseph's advice to his brethren. And it would be well if it were written on every Christian's wagon, or to say the least, his heart, to be called to mind every day or every hour of the day as need be. You will be tried in every point and in many ways you never were before. You may be persecuted and reviled, "but if you suffer for Christ's sake, happy are ye;" but if for your own faults, then it will be trying. Much of this will be avoided if you have a select few who are devoted Christians, united in all points for each others, interest, especially in keeping the Sabbath and social worship, etc. If you come together and keep together all the way, it may be made very agreeable. This, perhaps, may be difficult to find a party sufficiently large to be safe. There are several gentlemen going back this spring that left their families last year and intend returning next year, I believe. I hope you will have an opportunity of seeing some of them, from whom you may learn more about the journey than I can write. I am not concerned but that you will get here well enough if you start with any suitable arrangement; but I am more anxious lest you should not at all times bring honour upon Christ, our dear Redeemer, who died to save us. The excitement is great and objects of faith are too apt to be lost sight of in objects of sense, and our duty of prayer and watchfulness neglected. When you have experienced what I have, and heard and seen what I have in others, you will believe me if you do not feel the importance now.

Hoping the Lord will bring you safely here and that we shall be permitted to see each other's faces in the flesh and enjoy His unspeakable favours together in glorifying Him while we live.

So prays your devoted sister,

NARCISSA.

P. S.—There were many very useful articles in the box you sent me for all of which I thank you. I was in hopes of finding one little

article more that is needed more than most any other because it cannot be obtained here; namely, a pi-la-ain, as the Indians call it (louse trap). You will understand me, I suppose—the finest fine combs cannot be obtained here, for that reason I was in hopes of finding one in the box. I know you would have sent me some if you had kown my need. At any rate, I was very proud to get what I did from you, because it came from you, dear brother.

WAIILATPU, April 2, 1846.

My Dear Jane:—The season for sending letters has nearly arrived, and I begin to feel as if I must be about writing to some of my friends or they will complain of my negligence or forgetfulness. I believe I have written very few letters since the doctor returned. My health has been so poor, and my family has increased so rapidly, that it has been impossible. You will be astonished to know that we have eleven children in our family, and not one of them our own by birth, but so it is. Seven orphans were brought to our door in Oct., 1844, whose parents both died on the way to this country. Destitute and friendless, there was no other alternative—we must take them in or they must perish. The youngest was an infant five months old—born on the way—nearly famished and but just alive; the eldest was 13—two boys and five girls; the boys were the oldest. The eldest daughter was lying with a broken leg by the side of her parents as they were dying, one after the other. They were an afflicted and distressed family in the journey, and when the children arrived here they were in a miserable condition. You can better imagine than I can describe my feelings under those circumstances. Weak and feeble as I was, in an Indian country without the possibility of obtaining help, to have so many helpless children cast upon our arms at once, rolled a burden upon me insupportable. Nothing could reconcile me to it but the thought that it was the Lord that brought them here, and He would give me grace and strength so to discharge my duty to them as to be ac-

ceptable in His sight. The Lord at the same time sent us a very good young man, originally from New York, whom we employed to teach an English school. He was of great assistance to me in bringing the children into good habits and advancing them in reading, as well as in the government of them. He was not pious when he entered the family, but the influence of being once more in a Christian family, called to his mind the feeling and many prayers and tears of a pious mother and deceased father for him, and overwhelmed him. He went to a retired spot just below the house on the river side and wept bitterly and poured out his soul to God in prayer and consecrated himself to His service. He immediately engaged in religious duty and was my associate in instructing and labouring with the children in Sabbath school and otherwise. Several families wintered here, which made the school quite large. At the annual meeting of our mission he united with the mission church. He is now in the Willamette teaching in the Oregon Institute. This was the winter of 1844 and 1845.

I received no letters from you or Edward that fall and thought it surprising that in all that great company you could not have sent us a single letter. I think I wrote you in the spring by Overton's party; hope you have got it by this time. It seems to me the immigration might bring me letters from my friends every year. I have not had a letter from mother in a great while, and I most envy you your privilege and wonder why you did not send it to me, so that I might have the reading also; the last from father was when doctor returned. I have just been writing to Edward how much we wish to see you both here and hope you will three of you come; there is work enough for you to do. We could give you a school all the time—an English school—our children and the children of the other families of the mission and perhaps some others; also, an Indian school some part of the time.

Dearest Jane, you know not what special tokens of our dear Redeemer's love and mercy we have been receiving the last three months. Last Saturday, however, was a day of all days never to be forgotten by me, while I live. And can you think what it was, beloved sister? It was this: The triumphant death of a dear

brother in Christ. I wish I could enter into particulars and lay out the whole scene before you so that you could see and feel it as I do and those who were witnesses of his glorious departure. The individual was Joseph L. Finley from Illinois, who came over with the last immigration for his health; his disease was consumption, and deep-seated when he left the States. He was advised to stop here for the winter because it would be so unfavourable for invalids in the lower country in the winter. You will wonder how I could have the care of him in my feeble state of health and large family. He kept about until about the middle of January and during that time boarded with a cousin that stopped for the winter; when he became confined to his room, I opened my bedroom to him, as there was no other on the premises suitable for a sick man, and a cousin, a young woman, came and took care of him until the families left for the Willamette, the first of March. Mr. Rogers, our school teacher, had the principal care of him, as also during the journey. He was without a well-grounded hope when he came here, and the Lord was pleased to bless our efforts for his salvation. He afterwards desired to unite with our church, and accordingly did Feb. 26th, in company with Mr. Rogers, who had formerly been a member of the Seceders. Being in my family, I was very much with him and read and prayed with him almost daily towards the close of his life. He grew in grace steadily and felt that he was over-privileged to die in such a quiet place, where he could have the society of those who cared for his soul. Dear sister—he was a stranger, moneyless and friendless, in one sense—no relative who felt the responsibility of caring for him. He was just such a one as the Saviour says, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Mr. Finley was nearly 32 years of age—was never married.

We felt, that is Brother Rogers and myself, that we were abundantly rewarded for all the care and labour we had bestowed upon him. It was such a glorious sight, especially to Brother Spalding and Brother Rogers, who had never seen the like before. Husband and myself saw much the same in Mrs. Sat-

terlee, at Liberty, when we were coming to this country. Let us praise the Lord, dear sister, and live so that our death may be as triumphantly glorious.

Affectionately your sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Mr. Edward W. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.

WAIILATPU, May 15th, 1846.

Edward and Jane Prentiss, My Dear Brother and Sister:—It gave us much pleasure to receive your letter by the last emigration, but it would have given us more to have seen you both here. If I could have known more when I was home I would have tried to have had you both come out with me. It is now, however, still favourable for you to come. Narcissa wants Jane to come and I want Edward, but it is not for us that you should come but for yourselves and the Lord. Edward would do well to have a wife and then come, and Jane will be agreeable with or without a husband, as suits her best; but if she comes without one, I shall try to convince her of her duty to marry. This country needs those who are able and willing to found and support society, religion, and schools. There are the best inducements to young men to come and locate a mile square of first-rate land in a better climate than in any of the States, with the broad Pacific ocean to open in prospect before them. A good title will be secured to all who locate and reside on or occupy land or mile squares, according to the Oregon laws.

You must see how fine it is for a settler not only not to have to feed his stock as a general thing, but when he first comes, his poor stock can winter the first winter without the need of providing for them. We want a school teacher every winter, and shall like to employ you the first winter, at least, until you can look around. We had a good, pious teacher last winter and may have

him the next. He adds instruction in musick. I believe he wrote Jane on the spur of Mrs. Whitman's promising to write his mother in case he would write one of her friends. He is studying for the ministry with one of the ministers of our mission, Rev. Elkanah Walker.

It cannot be much for you to come the rest of the way now you are so near, and more since you have become weaned from favorite spots of your youth. If Father and Mother Prentiss should consent to come with you, I think they would be rejoiced in their old age. A light wagon with an ox team is the best for families, as all must keep company on the road. Let provisions so far as can be, be the only loading. Necessities for the journey are all you want, unless you have special reasons for bringing something in particular. The intimations in your letter that you might come if we would write you, give us hope to look for you the next year. In the meantime, get Brother Jackson and Kenny, etc., to come with you, as also Galusha and Father and Mother Prentiss.

It is a hurried letter I have to give you, but I hope it will be taken as a token of our love to you both, with desire to see you.

With our united love to you both,

I am your affectionate brother,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Jane, you need not fear what my husband says. I am not anxious you should without you find a good husband and desire to. But come and see us at any rate. Mr. Rogers has written you and given you much interesting information about the journey, etc. Don't take it amiss that he has written you—he has only helped me to tell a part of my story. I should have written to his mother if I could, but I have had to write such a long letter to Mr. Finley's father—the young man that died here—that I could not get the time. I wish you could see it. He lives in the same town that Mr. Roger's parents do, so if Edward ever travels there he can inquire for it if you please, and they are willing to show it. E. and Jane, where are you now? Have you

gone back to see mother again? I wish I could see her, too; but you will not thank me for writing so. I am in a hurry and cannot do otherwise; so this or none. Goodbye; come and see us as soon as you can. Love to all inquiring friends.

Your sister,

NARCISSA.

Mr. Edward W. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.
Care of Mr. Pope.

WAIILATPU, July 17th, 1846.

My Dear Mrs. Brewer:—A long silence has prevailed of late between us as to letter writing, and it is perhaps my fault as much as any one. I find it increasingly difficult for me to command a sufficient relief from the cares of so numerous a family of children to write as many letters as I desire to. Another reason—I have been looking for a visit from you all summer long, and do not yet feel willing to give it up. We have heard you started once and came part way and was obliged to return on account of sickness. I regret this very much, for had you come at that time you would have met Mr. and Mrs. Eells here, who would have rejoiced very much to see you. Will you not make another effort when Mr. S. returns and accompany him. I should be so delighted to see you and yours once more, and also to become acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Gary of whom I have heard much. This is a dry and thirsty land for Christian communion and fellowship. I do long for the society of some Christian sisters.

We have had a quiet time for a few weeks past, and a precious season of rest it has been to us. We seem to be renewing strength for the season of burthen and trial that generally falls upon us the other portions of the year. I have been trying to read a little, for I find my mind suffers without more food than I am able to give it at some seasons, especially when we are thronged with

company, and many and complicated duties are pressing upon our hands.

But seasons of rest and quiet are of but short duration both for you as well as us. The Indians tell us that more Americans are coming, so that we shall soon be thronged again. We are looking with some interest for an associate to be among them, and hope we shall not be disappointed.

The Indians are very quiet now and never more friendly. There has been some deaths among them of the most important Indians, the past winter and spring, and we are not without hope that some of them have gone to be with the Saviour. So far as the Indians are concerned our prospects of permanently remaining among them were never more favourable then the present. I feel distressed sometimes to think I am making so little personal effort for their benefit, when so much ought to be done, but perhaps I could not do more than I am through the family. It is a great pleasure to them to see so many children growing up in their midst. Perrin, the eldest, is able to read Nez Perces to them and when husband is gone, takes his place and holds meetings with them. This delights them very much. I have much to write you, but I am still waiting, hoping to see you. But I will give you a specimen of my eligible situation for writing. I have six girls sewing around me, or rather five—for one is reading, and the same time my baby is asking to go and bathe—she is two years the last of May, and her uneasiness and talk does not help me to many very profitable ideas. Now another comes with her work for me to fix. So it is from morning until evening; I must be with them or else they will be doing something they should not, or else not spending their time profitably. I could get along some easier if I could bring my mind to have them spend their time in play, but this I cannot. Now all the girls have gone to bathe and this will give me time for a few moments to close my letter in peace; they are very good girls and soon will be more help to me than they are now, although at present they do considerable work. Please give my love to all your missionary friends and believe me, as ever,

Sincerely yours,

N. WHITMAN.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 19th, 1846.

Dear Sister:—I have been trying to write you some time, but find it difficult on account of bustle and necessary care, and even now it is not much better. By Mr. Littlejohn we wrote you and Brother Waller, inviting you to send your children to school; as you said nothing about it in your last, we think perhaps you did not receive the letter. Be that as it may, we would be glad to have you send your child if you think she is not too young, and particularly Brother and Sister Waller, as they have expressed a wish to Brother Spalding when he was there. We have an excellent school, taught by Mr. Geiger, and when he leaves, Mr. Rogers will continue. We have been looking for Brother Waller to bring his children for some time, and hope he will yet do it.

I have much to say to you and would be glad to write much longer, but you must excuse me for the present as I have been washing today and am now coloring madder. I send this by some young men of the immigrants who are to leave today, and are the last, among whom there is one from Massachusetts; you will find him intelligent and learn, perhaps, news about your home. He is a member of the Congregational church and returns next spring for his father's family.

Affectionately yours,

N. W.

Please excuse so short a letter; I hope to do better soon. Because it is so difficult for husband and self to write, I persuaded Mr. R. to write to your husband. Adieu.

Mrs. L. L. Brewer,
Wascopum.
Favour of Mr. Imbree.

WAIILATPU, Nov. 5th, 1846.

Rev. L. P. Judson, My Dear Brother:—I have a last moment to spare in writing, and I have resolved to write to you, inasmuch as you have given me the hint by the note you appended to a fam-

ily letter from Mrs. Whitman's friends. I am going to write plainly to you, for we love you and do not like to see your influence and usefulness abridged. I have known you long and well—better perhaps than you me. I esteem you for your warm affections and ardent temperament, but although these are amiable qualities, they are like the health of an infant, of so high and excitable a nature that it is but a step between them and derangement or disease. Mental disease is not suspected by the person who is the subject of it. But do not be surprised at what I am intimating. There are but few who are possessed of perfectly balanced minds. I have felt and acted with you on points to which the public mind was not awake, nor ready for action. It is well to be awake on all important points of duty and truth, but it can do no good to be ultra on any of these points. Why part friends for an opinion only, and that, too, when nothing is to be gained for truth or principle, and much lost of confidence, love, usefulness, enjoyment and interest.

Why trouble those you cannot convince with any peculiarity of your own sentiment, especially if it is likely to debar you from the opportunity of usefulness to them. By one part of your own confession let me confute your ultra perfectionism; that is, you complain of not being perfect and pray for more sanctification. Now, brother, let that suffice that as long as you have to pray for sanctification you are not perfect, and that as long as you live you will pray for it and then conclude you will be perfect when "this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruption shall have put on incorruption," and not till then; and then let us cry, "Grace; grace unto it." Do not think of being an ultra perfectionist until you could bear to hear a man say, "I have already attained and am already perfect, and to use only thanksgiving to God for his having attained to and being perfect, instead of praying for more sanctification." If you could arrive at the point where you felt you were perfect, of course you would no longer pray for sanctification, and what would be your prayer after that? Let the thought awe you, for such cannot be the prayer of mortal in the flesh. Prayer becomes us, and we shall

not be fitted in this life to join in the song of praise triumphant, of Moses and the Lamb. And now for Millerism.

I was in Boston when the famous time came for the end of the world, but I did not conclude that as the time was so short I would not concern myself to return to my family. But I did conclude that inasmuch as you had adopted such sentiments, you were not prepared for any work calling for time in its execution, and thinking the work of time so short with you that it would be in vain to call forth any principle to your mind that would involve length of time for its execution, I was contented to pass you in silence. For to my mind all my work and plans involved time and distance, and required confidence in the stability of God's government and purpose to give the heathen to His son for an inheritance, and among them those uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

I had adopted Oregon as my country, as well as the Indians for my field of labour, so that I must superintend the immigration of that year, which was to lay the foundation for the speedy settlement of the country if prosperously conducted and safely carried through; but if it failed and became disastrous, the reflex influence would be to discourage for a long time any further attempt to settle the country across the mountains, which would be to see it abandoned altogether. Now, mark the difference between the sentiments of you and me. Since that time you have allowed yourself to be laid aside from the ministry, and have parted with tried friends for an opinion only, and that opinion has done you nor no one else any good. Within the same time, I have returned to my field of labour, and in my return brought a large immigration of about one thousand individuals safely through the long and the last part of it an untried route to the western shores of the continent. Now that they were once safely conducted through, three successive immigrations have followed after them, and two routes for wagons are now open into the Willamette valley.

Mark, had I been of your mind I should have slept, and now the Jesuit Papists would have been in quiet possession of this the only spot in the western horizon of America not before

their own. They were fast fixing themselves here, and had we missionaries had no American population to come in to hold on and give stability, it would have been but a small work for them and the friends of English interests, which they had also fully avowed, to have routed us, and then the country might have slept in their hands forever.

Time is not so short yet but it is quite important that such a country as Oregon should not on one hand fall into the exclusive hands of the Jesuits, nor on the other under the English government. In all the business of this world we require time. And now let us redeem it, and then we shall be ready, and our Lord will not come upon us unawares. Come, then, to Oregon, resume your former motto, which seemed to be onward and upward—that is in principle, action, duty and attainments, and in holiness. Dismiss all ultraism, and then you will be co-operative and happy in the society of acting and active Christians. I say again, come to Oregon; but do not bring principles of discord with you.

This is a country requiring devoted, pious labourers in the service of our Lord. There are many and great advantages offered to those who come at once. A mile square, or 640 acres of land such as you may select and that of the best of land, and in a near proximity to a vast ocean and in a mild climate where stock feed out all winter, is not a small boon. Nor should men of piety and principle leave it all to be taken by worldlings and worldly men.

A man of your stamp can do much by coming to this country, if you adopt correct principles and action. Should you come, the best way is to take a raft at Olean, if you are near Cuba at the time of starting. You will need to bring bedding with you for the journey, so that you can come on a raft, and also take a deck passage on the steamboat if you wish to be saving of money. A piece of cloth painted suitable to spread under a bed will be most useful. Do not bring feathers, but let your bed be made of blankets, quilts, etc. If you want any goods after you get into the country, be sure and have them come around by water, if you

do not like to trust the shippers in the country. A train of oxen will be the best with a light wagon; no loading except provisions. Good sheep are excellent stock to drive, and travel well. Some sheep we imported from the Sandwich Islands in 1838, have increased one hundred and twenty-five per cent. in eight years. Think of what a few good men could do to come together into the country. On the way they could make a party of their own and so rest on the Sabbath. With 640 acres of land as bounty, they could, by mutual consent, set apart a portion for the maintenance of the gospel and for schools and learning in such form as they felt disposed.

A large country to the south as far as the California line is now open by the new wagon route made this fall.

You have a good faculty to be a pioneer and lead out a colony; that is to start people to come. But when once on the way do not over-persuade, but remember that the best of men and women when fatigued and anxious by the way will be very jealous of all their rights and privileges and must be left to take their own way if possible. Restraint will not be borne under such circumstances.

As I do not know where to sent to reach you, I will direct this to the care of Father Prentiss, who will forward it to you, after reading it himself.

The Indians are doing very well we think in their way and their habits of civilization. A good attention is paid to religious instruction. Morning and evening worship is quite general in their lodges, and a blessing is strictly regarded as being a duty to be asked upon taking food.

I do not think you can be ignorant of the advantages of this country, nor of its disadvantages. I wrote a letter to Father Hotchkiss, which I hope was copied and sent to Father Prentiss, which you may have seen. That applies to this section and climate. The country best suited for settlement are the Willamette valley and the coast west. Then the valley of the Umpqua on the south, and still south the Klamath which takes you south to the California line.

North of the Columbia, you know, is in dispute between the British and the States; you may early learn the result.

The greatest objection to the country west of the Cascade range is the rains in winter. But that is more than overbalanced by the exemption from the care and labour of feeding stock. It is not that so much rain falls, but that it rains a great many days from November to April or May. People that are settled do not find it so rainy as to be much of an objection. It is a climate much like England in that respect.

I hope you will excuse the freedom with which I have written. If we shall see each other, we can better bring our thoughts to harmonize.

Narcissa's health is on the gain, and is now pretty good. She joins me in love to yourself and wife, hoping to see you both in due time.

In the best of bonds,

Yours truly,

MARCUS WHITMAN.

Dear Brother Judson:—Husband has written you a long letter, for which I am glad, for he can write so much better than I can. I do hope you will accept of his invitation and come to Oregon. We want to see you very much, and there is much good to be done for this country in the cause of Christ. Your heart is here, I believe, and ever has been, and you are just the one to come. Wife and children need be no hindrance, but will be a great comfort—true it is some.

We feel a deep interest in you and love you still, and ever shall, not only for your own worth, but for her sake who was so dear to both you and us. It is a cause of great gratitude that, although the Lord has broken your heart, he has, as it were, bound it up again, and given you still to enjoy the endearing relation of wife, and what is not a small consideration, that of father to a beloved son. Bless the Lord for these great mercies, my brother,

for we never know the full strength of them until they are severed. Should you be called to lay that little son in the grave you would then know the depths of a father's love.

Please remember me affectionately to your dear wife, and say to her that I should be most happy to receive a letter from her. I would have written you both by this opportunity upon a separate sheet, but for the want of time.

My family is large and I have much to see to in the care of so many children. Although they are not mine by birth, yet I am interested in them and am much better pleased than if I had not the opportunity of acting the part of a mother. It is a satisfaction to feel that we are doing good and saving many individuals from being worse than useless in this world and lost in the world to come.

Henrietta, my baby, is a sweet, interesting child, and loves me as my own Alice used to, and I love her dearly; but that tender anxiety, so peculiar to mothers for their own offspring, is not for me to feel toward her, because it is impossible. She is now two years and five months old, and attends school and is very happy.

For some reason I feel assured that you will come to Oregon, and that I shall live to see you and converse with you face to face here in our cheerful, happy home. Till then adieu, my dear brother and sister, and may the Lord bless you and make you perfect unto every work through Him that loved us and gave himself for us.

As ever, your affectionate sister,

NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Rev. Lyman P. Judson, or
Hon. Stephen Prentiss,
Cuba,
Allegheny County,
New York.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY, UNITED STATES,
April 15, 1847.

My Dear Jane:—I received your letter of March 27th, 1846, a week ago yesterday, and for a whole day I could think of nothing else but you and weep. Not a letter that I have ever received from home has ever given me such intense feelings as this last of yours. I am glad you wrote me so much about yourself. If you had said a great deal more I would have been much better satisfied. True, we are strangers to each other as it regards our situation and circumstances; but dear and beloved as ever. Scarcely a week or day passes without some incident or other bringing you to mind, and we often converse about you. Oh! how we wish you were here now, this very moment. It seems to me as if you would be happier than ever in your life before. Perhaps it is because I feel that I should be so, which make me think that you would be; at any rate, I have every reason to feel that you would be far more so than where you now are. There are many happy little beings here that would delight to call you Aunt Jane, and some larger ones, too. Why did you not come with Mr. and Mrs. Thornton? Had you not the means? Oh! if you could only get here in some safe way, we would be willing to pay most any price for bringing you. You say, "you shall have to see our dear mother first." I do not blame you, I would see her if I could. But seeing you cannot go home, you had better come here than stay there and perhaps after a while we may go together and see our beloved parents. Even now while I am writing I feel that perhaps my dear Jane and Edward are starting, or are on their way here. Oh! if I might indulge this feeling. I do, notwithstanding the improbabilities, and that, too, perhaps, to be disappointed. There is work enough here for you, and E., too, and just such work as you delight in, and we have not the afflicting trials of which you speak, opposition from those who ought to support and sustain us. True, we have our trials, but they can be borne without so sorely afflicting us. If we could only know when you would come, we would send horses to meet you at Fort Hall. As it is I feel so confident that you may be on your way now that I intend

writing this spring to a friend of ours, Mr. McDonald of Fort Hall, and request him to find you out and assist you down, if you are not so well provided as not to need his assistance. This encouragement we take from dear Edward's letter written in '45, and we wrote you last spring and particularly insisted on your coming immediately. Those letters I think you must have received, as they were put in the hands of Mr. Palmer, who designed to reach the States as soon as possible; and he gave me some encouragement to believe that he would call on you and deliver the letters with his own hands. He said he should return this spring with his family, and if I had known as much of your circumstances as I now do, we could have said more to Mr. P. about you, and even engaged him to bring you, and we would have satisfied him for it.

The Lord bless you, my dear sister, and reward you an hundred-fold even in this life for all the trials and afflictions. He calls you to meet with, in your efforts to promote His glorious cause, and blessed be His name that He gives you grace to withstand temptation, and a time-serving spirit.

My dear husband is gone to Vancouver and has been absent for several weeks. But I am now looking for him every moment. Indeed, dear Jane, you know not how much of the time he is away, necessarily, from home. That is one very good reason why I want you here. True, I am not without my comforts, even when he is away. The Lord has sent us a dear good brother who has now been with us more than a year, in whose society I find much enjoyment and satisfaction. He is the same who wrote you last spring, and you may judge from his letter something of what he is. We talk, sing, labour, and study together; indeed, he is the best associate I ever had, Marcus excepted, and better than I ever expect to get again, unless you and Edward come and live with me. He has always seemed to me very much like Brother Stephen, and I have often fancied myself enjoying his society again. I can assure you it is no small comfort to have some one to sing with who knows how to sing, for it is true, Jane, I love to sing just as well as ever. From what I have heard of Edward, it

would be pleasant to hear him again; as for you, *kala tilapsa kunku* (I am longing for you continually to sing with), and it may be, put us all together, with the violin which Mr. Rogers plays, we should make music such as would cause the Indians to stare.

May 18th—*My Dear Jane:*—The time has nearly arrived for sending this. I have just been writing Mr. McDonald of Fort Hall requesting him to find you out and assist you down. Don't go the southern route as Mrs. Thornton did and nearly lost her life by it. They lost everything they had and suffered untold hardships. If I had time I could tell you more about it. I am just now preparing to go to Tshimakain station with Messrs. Eells and Walker to attend a meeting of mission. It is 180 miles north of us. I have not made a journey on horseback for six or seven years, and you will doubtless be pleased to hear that my health is so much improved as to be able to undertake such a journey again. I am going to start in the care of Mr. Rogers, expecting to overtake Mr. Eells, who has just been here on a visit and gone to Walla Walla for some goods. Husband can go much quicker than I like to ride, and as he is obliged to settle with and see to the starting of the immigrants that wintered here, he does not leave home until several days after I do, and then goes by way of Mr. Spalding's, to notify him and see to some business there. So you see my dear Marcus is almost always on the move. A head and heart more full of benevolent plans, and hands more ready in the execution of them for the good of the poor Indian and the white population of the country, you have probably never seen. I would write you several pages, but if this should meet you on the way, and you aresoon to be here as we most earnestly desire, I had much rather talk with you than write; but if otherwise—if this still finds you in Quincy—then be sure and come next year. Do not wait to go and see mother first; come and see me and then let us go together, or perhaps she may come and see us. If you are destitute of the means, then get some one to bring you and we will pay them in provisions or any thing else that we have to spare when they arrive. If you had a good horse and a good side-saddle, it would be better for you than to come with-

out. I shall not be able to write to father, mother, or any of the family now, but if there is time after we return I may do it then. Husband is equally pressed and cannot write to any one more than the Board. He would like to write to Mr. Foote, but cannot now. We should have been happy to have had Mr. and Mrs. Thornton to winter with us, but they did not come this way. How many will go the southern route this year I cannot tell, but I could wish my friends would not.

I should like to say much about the Indians, but cannot. Our prospects for usefulness among them never have been more encouraging than at present. The field is white for the harvest and labourers are needed to enter in and reap. The Lord has inclined the heart of Brother Rogers to devote himself to the work, and he is now engaged in studying the language. We have just received a letter from the Dalls, a station of the Methodist mission, wishing this mission to take that station, as they judged best to abandon it. To this mission it is a very important station, and the brethren will probably think it best to occupy it; but we shall need more help still, and God grant to send labourers into His harvest.

All unite in sending much love to you both, praying and hoping that we may be permitted to see you both here soon, dear sister and brother.

Affectionately yours,
NARCISSA WHITMAN.

Miss Jane A. Prentiss,
Quincy,
Illinois.

WAIILATPU, OREGON TERRITORY,
July 4th, 1847.

My Dear Mother:—It was not convenient for me to write to any of my friends in the States, the past spring by the returning immigrants except sister Jane. To her I wrote briefly, in answer to the one received in March by the hand of Mr. and Mrs. Thorn-

ton, who came from Quincy, Illinois. It was nearly a year in reaching me in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton taking the southern route with the majority of the immigrants. What would dear mother and father think if they knew how anxiously and eagerly I am expecting Jane and Edward to come with the immigrants of the season. It is, indeed, so. We are looking for them with deep solicitude, and hope and pray that we may not be disappointed. From what she wrote me last spring, I think she would have come with Mrs. Thornton, except for her mother; she desired very much to see her first. It was the same with her when Marcus was there. She could not come with him without seeing mother first. Although I think she might have been prevailed upon at that time to have come with him, if he could have seen a way to have brought her, when he was in Quincy. He learned afterwards that she might have come very safely and comfortably with one of the families that were coming at that time. I was greatly disappointed and felt almost inclined to reproach my husband for not making more effort to bring her. But it was all right; he did the best he could under existing circumstances. Since that time I have rather been waiting in hopes Edward would complete his course of study and be appointed by the Board to come and bring her with him.

From their letters it appears he has not been making that progress desirable, and in his last he intimated that he desired to come to this country and wished to know of us if we would encourage it. Accordingly, last spring a year, we wrote to them both and set before them every possible inducement to have them come immediately, Consequently we are looking for them and shall be not a little disappointed if they should not come. Perhaps my beloved parents would wish to know some of the reasons why, or the object for which we wish to have them here. I need not speak of the comfort and enjoyment their society would afford us here in this far-distant land. That is self-evident. In a temporal view, we feel that they would be better situated here than where they now are. As it regards their usefulness, perhaps no place could be found where they could do more for the advancement of the precious cause of our dear Redeemer, and with better

success, than here, whether it be as missionaries to the Indians or as Christian teachers among the white population of this country. Good help of every kind is needed here in our missionary work, and if they were now here we could fill their hands (or the Lord could) and their hearts, too, with just as much missionary work as they could well do. If E. still desires to finish his preparation for the Gospel ministry, we would certainly do all in our power to facilitate him, and at the same time he could render himself useful in teaching a part of the time and be of great service to us. We have now in our family a young man of real worth (and he has been with us almost two years), who came to this country principally for the benefit of his health, thinking to return again after a season, but finding it improving he has for more than a year past been pursuing a course of reading and study with a view to the ministry. He had commenced studying before leaving home, but had been obliged to desist on account of his health. Since living with us, he has had his mind much drawn towards the subject of devoting his life for the benefit of the heathen, and last spring came to the determination of doing so; consequently, he is now pursuing the study of Nez Perces language in connection with his other studies. Thus the Lord has had compassion on us and inclined the heart of one dear youth to enter this field of missionary labour.

We have often asked for more associates of the Board, and they have met our solicitations with encouragement and many promises, and at one time had an individual appointed for this station; but he failed to meet his engagements and went over to the Presbyterian Board and was sent by them to some other part of the world. At present we have no encouragement that any will be sent very soon. There seems to be a great destitution of laborers at the present time, or of those who are qualified and willing to go forth to the missionary work. This mission is needing another missionary very much to occupy a new station just offered us by the superintendent of the Methodist Mission. It is the Waskopum station, situated at the Dalls, where I spent the winter while my husband was absent to the States. It is an interesting and very important station, particularly so with refer-

ence to its locality to this mission, as well as to the cause of civilization and Christianity in the country at large. Our mission have appointed Mr. Walker, of the Tshimakain station, to occupy it for the present, until some other one can be obtained.

Tuesday, July 15th—While engaged in writing the above, I was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Hinman from the Willamette. He is the young man that taught our school the winter of 1844, of whom I wrote as becoming a Christian and uniting with our church. He has come up to try to obtain the use of the mission press for the purpose of printing another paper in the Willamette. He has now gone on to see the other members of the mission, and will probably visit both stations before he returns. He has given us much intelligence concerning the lower country. Five ships are now in the river from different parts of the world.

Christians of all denominations are trying to do something for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom in the land; but the enemies of the cross of Christ are doing much faster.

If I had time I might write much concerning the lower country that would be of interest, but for the present I desire to speak of our own prospects as a mission, which we feel were never brighter than the present moment. Shortly after closing my letter to Sister Jane, I took a journey to Tshimakain to attend a general meeting of our mission. It is now six years this month since I made the same journey. Since that time I have been obliged to avoid journeying on horseback, on account of my health until the present season. I am happy to inform you that my health has so much improved that I endured the journey well, even much better than for three years previous to relinquishing the saddle altogether. For this I desire to be thankful. I was absent from home a little more than three weeks. Our meeting was an interesting one. Never probably since our existence as a mission, has a meeting been characterized by so great a manifestation of the influence of the spirit of God upon each member, as at that time. All seemed to feel that we had come to an important crisis and that God alone could and must direct us. Our Board had written and

advised to abandon the Tshimakain station in consequence of the discouragements under which our brethren of that station were laboring. Mr. Eells was advised to remove to this station, and Mr. Walker to go to Kamish, the station Mr. Smith formerly occupied. This advice, however, was accompanied with discretionary power. Soon after the arrival of Mr. Greene's letters, came the offer of the station at the Dalls. This all acknowledged to be an important acquisition; but who of our limited number should occupy it? After much deliberation and consultation, it was finally determined not to abandon altogether the station at Tshimakain, but that during the winter Mr. Eells with his family remove to this station to act as a minister in the English language for the benefit of our own families and those who may winter with us, and that during the summer his time be spent at Tshimakain, and in itinerating among the Indians in that language. This arrangement is very much in consequence of the severity of the winter with them, it occupying so much of their time and strength in caring for themselves and their animals. Mr. Walker is recommended to occupy the station at the Dalls. for the present, at least, or until it is thought best to make some other arrangements.

August 23—*My Dear Parents:*—I see I cannot finish my letter without interruptions, and long ones, too. Another resolution of the meeting was that husband see to getting houses built for the mothers of the mission families, so that they could spend the winter here for the sake of having the children attend school. This would relieve me greatly of having to board them as I have done.

Since I commenced this letter many changes have taken place, which entirely prostrate the plans and resolutions of the meeting. Mr. W. is unwilling to remove with his family this year, on account of Mrs. W. being in a state of pregnancy, which was known at the time of the meeting, but not made an objection. Mr. Eells and family must remain with them throughout the winter, and consequently will not need a house here as was expected. Mrs. S. and children expect to come and winter here unless circumstances prevent. Marcus has now gone to Vancouver on business to bring up the property of the mission and see to the occupancy of the

Dalls station. We are unwilling to let it pass out of our hands and fall into the hands of the Catholics. He expects to hire Mr. Hinman, as he has a wife now, and both are pious, to take the charge of the secular affairs of the station, and in case we can do no better, let Perrin (the little boy that was with us in Cuba, but now grown to be quite a young man), his nephew, spend the winter with Mr. Hinman, as he is very successful in speaking the language, and can read and talk to them a little. Perrin, with one of our good Indians and Mr. Hinman, we think, will do very well in keeping up the station until a missionary can be sent. Perrin also indulges a hope.

Husband has been absent more than two weeks and it will be three more probably before he returns.

For the last two weeks immigrants have been passing, probably 80 or 100 wagons have already passed and 1,000 are said to be on the road, besides the Mormons. Sixty have gone the southern route that proved so disastrous last year to all that went that way. I have heard that an individual passed us who had letters for us and others, so that we are deprived of hearing from our friends as soon as we otherwise should. It was just so last year, Mother's letter was carried by to the Dalls and brought up again after a week or two by Mr. Geiger and Mr. Littlejohn, who came up here on a visit. Mr. G. spent the winter and taught school. Mr. Littlejohn and family have gone home to the States; they started this spring and came here while I was absent at the meeting. I was very sorry not to see her. She was Adeline Saddler; I presume you knew her. She was very unwilling to leave the country, but her husband has become such an hypochondriac that there was no living with him in peace. He wanted to kill himself last winter. It is well for him that he has gone to the States, where he can be taken care of. Poor woman; she is disconsolate and sad, and greatly changed from what she used to be. It is difficult to define the cause of his malady. He seems to be very much like Mr. Munger, the individual we had here that became crazy, and at last caused his own death by driving two nails into one of his hands, and afterwards putting it into a

hot fire until it was burnt to a crisp, as was supposed, to work a miracle.

I said in the commencement of my letter that I was expecting to see Jane and Edward this fall; but from those who have already passed we can hear nothing from them, notwithstanding they may be on the road, for among so many, it is not expected that all will be known to each other.

It is difficult to imagine what kind of a winter we shall have this winter, for it will not be possible for so many to all pass through the Cascade mountains into the Willamette this fall, even if they should succeed in getting through the Blue Mountains as far as here. From the Dalls on to the Willamette is considered the worst part of the route from the States to the end, that is, to the Willamette valley. We are not likely to be as well off for provisions this season as usual—our crops are not as abundant.

Poor people—those that are not able to get on, or pay for what they need—are those that will most likely wish to stop here, judging from the past; and connected with this, is a disposition not to work, at any rate, not more than they can help. The poor Indians are amazed at the overwhelming numbers of Americans coming into the country. They seem not to know what to make of it. Very many of the principal ones are dying, and some have been killed by other Indians, in going south into the region of California. The remaining ones seem attached to us, and cling to us the closer; cultivate their farms quite extensively, and do not wish to see any Sniapus (Americans) settle among them here; they are willing to have them spend the winter here, but in the spring they must all go on. They would be willing to have more missionaries stop and those devoted to their good. They expect that eventually this country will be settled by them, but they wish to see the Willamette filled up first.

We wish to employ a teacher for the winter. If J. and E. do not come, we must look out for some one among the immigrants. We should prefer an accomplished young lady from the Eastern States, if such could be found to teach the children of our families.

Young ladies are greatly needed in this country as teachers—also female help of all kinds. Many more men than women come into the country. Almost every body has been sick in the Western States which is said to be the cause of so large influx this way. When I heard that dear brother Harvey was going to Virginia, I could not but help desiring him to come this way. O, if he was here now to take our farm, how much better it would be for him and us, too; we need just such a man. I would that he would come and two or three others just like him, for their help is greatly needed. I wrote him to come, but do not know that he got my letter. Husband is wearing out fast; his heart and hands are so full all the time, that his brethren feel solicitous about him, but cannot help him; his benevolence is unbounded, and he oftens goes to the extent of his ability, and often beyond, in doing good to the Indians and white men.

It is probably not right for me to desire to have father and mother here; but still I cannot help thinking all the time, O, if they were here. God grant that they may live long to pray for their unworthy children among the Indians.

We hear that a monthly mail route is to be, or already is, established on the coast south—a steamer to take packages from Panama, that come across the Isthmus of Darien. I hope it will not be so difficult to hear from home as formerly. I intend to send this that way for an experiment. I send this by our man and John, one of the orphan boys, who go with two ox teams to the Dalles to bring up the threshing machine, cornsheller, ploughs for Indians, and other goods for the mission, also books for Mr. Rogers, the pious young man of whom I have spoken, that husband brings up in a boat from Vancouver.

Now I have the care of two additional boys for a year, who are left here by their fathers for the benefit of school; they are native half breeds. May the richest of heaven's blessings ever rest upon my beloved father and mother.

From your ever affectionate daughter,

NARCISSA.

WAIILATPU, Oct. 12th, 1847.

Dear Jane:—Two men are at this place on their way to the States. One of them, Mr. Glenday, intends to return to this country next spring with his family. I have importuned him, and made an arrangement to have you accompany them to Waiilatpu. Now Jane, will you do it? I know you will not refuse to come. At least I feel that you must and will come. I wrote you last spring and told you that I was expecting you and E. this fall, and I have been looking for you in every company that have passed. But I have not seen you nor received any letter from either of you. But a week or two ago when I was on the Utilla river, I saw an individual that told me that he had seen a brother of mine that was near Independence with his family, that he was intending to come to Oregon this season, but could not get ready, but would come next year. He furthermore told him that he wished to send a package to us, and would go to his house and get it, which was five miles distant, if he would bring it. This individual said he promised to bring it and would have waited for it had it been possible, but the company with whom he traveled started before he expected and he was obliged to leave before he returned with the package. From his description, I was confident that it was Brother Harvey, and you can better imagine than I can describe, the joy I felt on receiving such intelligence. I have also received a letter from father and Brother J. G. They tell me that H. was in the West and that you were with him. Mr. Glenday tells me that there is a teacher in Monticello Seminary of the name of Prentiss, and he thinks it must be you. I am at a loss to know where you are. I write you every spring, but I am not informed if you ever receive my letters.

I will now give you the arrangements we have made with Mr. Glenday to have you come immediately and directly to us. He says when you receive this letter, he wishes you to get into a boat or stage and go directly to St. Charles and see Mrs. Glenday and make her acquaintance. She is a pious woman and he is highly pleased with the idea of your accompanying them to be company for her on the way. He says he will bring you free of

all expense. Of course we shall satisfy him when you arrive. We are confident that you could not have so good an opportunity to come to this country in any other way as with Mr. G. He is accustomed to travel in an Indian country, and knows how perfectly. I am satisfied that if Brother H. and his family and E. and yourself would make the arrangement to come with him and would submit to be controlled by him (as he is coming in a small party by himself), you would be the gainers by it in the end. Perhaps you would think that for so small a party it would be dangerous traveling through the Indian country. Is would be for persons entirely unacquainted with the Indians and with traveling in the Indian country. But you may rely upon Mr. Glenday; that he knows how to travel and can escort you here quicker and safer and with less annoyance from dust and fatigue and worn out cattle and with half the expense that you would be at to come any other way. Notwithstanding if, after consultation and due deliberation, Brother Harvey should think it not best to come with him but to remain with a company of wagons, you had better come with his family, as from what you wrote I judge you must be short of the means to get here comfortably, and I am confident you could not come so well in any other way. You will always hear it said by every one who knows anything about the way, "Bring as few things as possible." I would advise you and my brothers and Sister L. to be governed by Mr. G.'s advice about what you bring, as well as the amount. I will add, however, that I would prefer you would not cumber yourself with anything except what you need on the way, and to bring your minds to need as little as possible. I consider Mr. G. capable of giving you directions upon this subject, and such, too, as will meet my mind more fully than I can express by writing. We have enough to supply you when you get here; and if we have not we can get it here.

You know not how much you are all needed here this present moment; yes, I may say, we are suffering and shall suffer for the want of your assistance and presence here this winter.

Dear Jane, I have written in great haste, as I have but a

moment to write, and a hurried one at that; for it is all confusion as usual when immigrants are about us. I would write Brothers H. and E. and Sister L., but Mr. G. wishes to be burdened with as little as possible, for he may have to go on snow shoes a part of the way. He wishes to return next spring, and about the last of August encourages me to think that, if spared and prospered, he will set you down at our door. I cannot help feeling rejoiced that Providence has opened up a way, to appearance so favorable, for the safe, easy and speedy transport of my dear Jane to my arms. I long to see you all, and should much prefer to have you all come with him if you felt it best. But he seems to think that my brothers would not be willing to come with him on account of traveling in so small a party.

Wednesday morn—*Dear Jane and Edward*;—I have been talking this morning to Mr. Glenday about you coming with him. I am at a loss how to direct him to find you. I do not know where Brother Harvey is. Father says he is in Quincy and that you are with him and that Edward is in Hazel Green, Wisconsin. He is confident, however, that he will find you all and Brother H. as he goes in, especially if he is anywhere in the vicinity of Independence. I expect husband will write Harvey if he gets away from his cares long enough; but lest he should not, I will suppose you all together and talk to you en masse, for it is impossible to write separate letters. We, that is husband and self, think it best for you all to come with him; and he is willing, provided you all would be willing to submit to his laws. He is a rigid mountaineer, and the principal laws in an Indian country are to be particular in guarding your animals lest you be robbed of them and left on foot. You cannot imagine the distress such an event would occasion. Many events of that kind have happened to the immigrants of the present year. It is hard work to cross the Rocky Mountains in the easiest way it can be arranged. If I had the journey to make, and knew as much as I now do about traveling, I should by all means, prefer to travel in the camp of such a man as Mr. Glenday. If E. comes as a single man he will employ him and pay him wages to assist in driving sheep; consequently

he could come without its costing him anything. If he has a wife in view, he had better marry (that is if he has found a good one)—let his motto be "a good one or none." Mr. G. says he will be to the expense of Jane's outfit, and I think you may rely upon it. When you get this letter you must write him and direct to St. Charles post office, then he will write you and invite you to come.

It may not be strange for you to be a little unbelieving and think it not true that we have sent for you, but when you see the big mule that we have sent for you, Jane, your heart may faint within you, and you will feel that it is, indeed, so. The name of the big mule is Uncle Sam. He was left here by Fremont when he was here on business for Uncle Sam. Mr. Rodgers is expecting a brother-in-law, sister and parents, some time next summer.

Jane, there will be no use in your going home to see ma and pa before you come here—it will only make the matter worse with your heart. I want to see her as much as you. If you will all come here it will not be long before they will be climbing over the Rocky Mountains to see us. The love of parents for their children is very great. I see already in their movements, indications that they will ere long come this way, for father is becoming quite a traveler. Believe me, dear Jane, and come without fail, when you have so good an opportunity.

Farewell,

N. W.

F Ja '08

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